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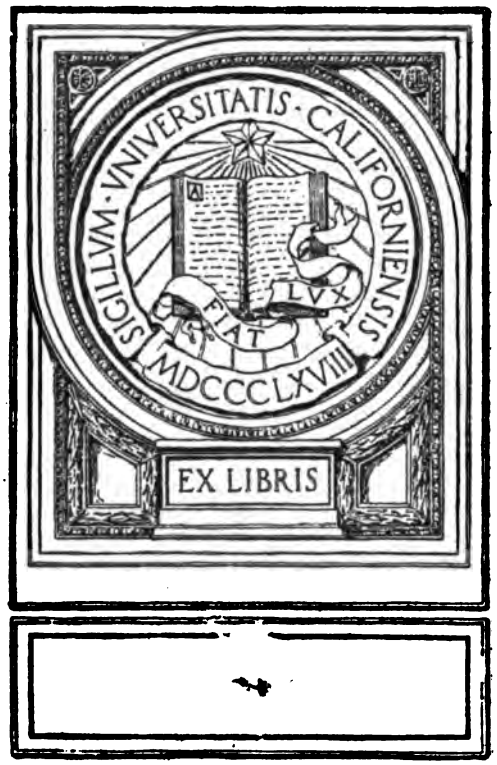
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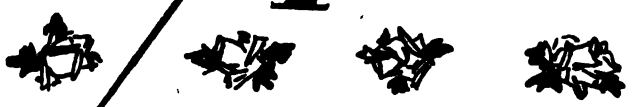
Cupid in Arcady



A Pastoral Cantata
(Song Cycle)

WORDS FROM THE ELIZABETHAN POETS.

MUSIC

By W. H. Pommer.

OP. 15.

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Cupid in Arcady.

PROLOGUE.

(TENOR.)

Come, shepherd swains, that wont to hear me sing,
  Now sigh and groan!
Dead is my Love, my Hope, my Joy, my Spring;
  Dead, dead, and gone!
O, She that was your Summer's Queen,
  Your days' delight,
Is gone and will no more be seen;
  O, cruel spite!
Break all your pipes that wont to sound
  With pleasant cheer,
And cast yourselves upon the ground
  To wail my Dear!
Come, shepherd swains, come, nymphs, and all a-row
  To help me cry
Dead is my Love, and, seeing She is so,
  Lo, now I die!

I.

(SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR, BASS.)

Hark! Hark! Hark! jolly shepherds,
  Hark yon lusty ringing!
How cheerfully the bells dance,
  The whilst the lads are springing!
Go we then, why sit we here delaying,
And all yond merry wanton lasses playing?
  How gaily Flora leads it,
  And sweetly treads it!
The woods and groves they ring,
  Lovely resounding
  With echoes sweet rebounding.

See! See! See! lads and lasses,
  See yon graceful dancing!
All nature smiles approving,
  The shepherds' joy enhancing!
Go we then, why sit we here delaying,
And all yond merry wanton lasses playing?
  How gaily Flora leads it,
  And sweetly treads it!
How cheerfully the bells dance,
  The whilst the lads are springing!
The woods and groves they ring,
  Lovely resounding
  With echoes sweet rebounding.

II.

(TENOR.)

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
  Heigho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams:
  How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
  Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the Spring,
Or the bees their careful King:
  Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

III.

(SOPRANO, ALTO.)

If any young man win a maid
  Happy man is he;
By trusting him she is betray'd,
  Fie upon such treachery!
If maids win young men with their guiles,
  Heigho, guileful grief!
They deal like weeping crocodiles,
  That murder men without relief.

If every maid were like to me,
  Heigho, hard of heart!
Both love and lovers scorn'd should be,
  Scorners shall be sure of smart.
If every maid were of my mind,
  Heigho, heigho, lovely sweet!
They to their lovers should prove kind,
  For kindness is for maidens meet.

Methinks love is an idle toy,
  Heigho, busy pain!
Both wit and sense it doth annoy,
  Both sense and wit we thereby gain.
Tush, Phyllis, cease! be not so coy,
  Heigho, heigho, coy disdain!
I know you love a shepherd's boy,
  Fie that maidens so should feign.

Well, Amaryllis, now I yield,
  Shepherds, pipe aloud!
Love conquers both in town and field,
  Like a tyrant fierce and proud.
The evening star is up ye see,
  Vesper shines, we must away;
Would every lover might agree!
  So we end our roundelay.

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IV.

(ALTO, TENOR, BASS.)

Join, mates, in mirth to me,
Grant pleasure to our meeting;
Let Pan, our good god, see
How grateful is our greeting;
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Cause all the mirth you can
Since I am now come hither,
Who never joy but when
I am with you together.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Sweet Orpheus' harp, whose sound
The steadfast mountains moved,
Let here thy skill abound
To join sweet friend beloved.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Give leave your flocks to range,
Let us the while be playing
Within the elmy grange;
Your flocks will not be straying.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

V.

(SOPRANO.)

In dew of roses steeping
Her lovely cheeks, Lycoris thus sat weeping:
"Ah, Dorus false, that hast my heart bereft me,
And now unkind hast left me!
Hear, alas, oh, hear me!
Ay me, ay me,
Cannot my beauty move thee?
Pity me, yet pity me,
Because I love thee.
Ay me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee;
And this thou dost, and all to slay me.
Why, do then kill me, and vaunt thee;
Yet my ghost still shall haunt thee!"

VI.

(TENOR, BASS.)

"Shepherd, saw you not
My fair, lovely, Phyllis,
Walking on this mountain,
Or on yonder plain?
She is gone this way to Diana's fountain,
And hath left me wounded,
With her high disdain.
Ay me, she is fair,
And without compare!
Sorrow, come and sit with me;
Love is full of fears,
Love is full of tears,
Love without these cannot be.
Thus my passions pain me,
For my Love hath slain me;
Gentle shepherd, bear a part,
Pray to Cupid's mother,
For I know no other
That can help to ease my smart."

"Shepherd, I have seen
Thy fair, lovely, Phyllis,
Where her flocks are feeding,
By the river's side;
Oh! I much admire,
She, so far exceeding
In surpassing beauty,
Should surpass in pride.
But, alas! I find
They are all unkind;
Beauty knows her power too well.
When they list they love,
When they please they move,
Thus they turn our heaven to hell.
For their fair eyes glancing
Like to Cupid's dancing,
Roll about still to deceive us;
With vain hopes deluding,
Still dispraise concluding,
Now they love, and now they leave us."

"Happy shall I be
If she grant me favour,
Else for love I die;
Phyllis is so fair."
"Boldly then go see,
Thou may'st quickly have her;
Though she should deny
Yet do not despair."
"She is full of pride;
Venus be my guide!
Help a silly shepherd's speed!"
"Use no such delay,
Shepherd, go thy way,
Venture, man, and do the deed."
"I will sore complain me."
"Say that Love hath slain thee
If her favours do not feed;
But take no denial,
Stand upon thy trial,
Spare to speak, and want of speed."

VII.

(SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR, BASS.)

When May is in his prime,
Then may each heart rejoice;
When May bedecks each branch with green,
Each bird strains forth his voice.
The lively sap creeps up
Into the blooming thorn;
The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
Now laugh the frost to scorn.

May pricketh tender hearts
Their warbling notes to tune;
Full strange it is, yet some, we see,
Do make their May in June.
Thus things are strangely wrought
Whiles joyful May doth last;
Take May in time! when May is gone,
The pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth,
And have your May at will,
Rejoice in May as we do now,
And use your May with skill!
Use May while that you may,
For May hath but his time!
When all the fruit is gone it is
Too late the tree to climb.

VIII.

(ALTO.)

Ladies and nymphs, come listen to my plaint,
On whom the cheerful sun did never rise;
If pity's strokes your tender breasts may taint,
Come learn of me to wet your wanton eyes,
For Love in vain the name of pleasure bears;
His sweet delights are turned into fears.

My life was light, my blood did spirt and spring,
My body quick, my heart began to leap,
And every thorny thought did prick and sting,
The fruit of my desired joys to reap;
But he, on whom to think my soul still tires,
In bale forsook and left me in the briars.

Thus fancy strung my lute to lays of love,
And Love hath rocked my weary muse asleep;
And sleep is broken by the pain I prove,
And every pain I feel doth force me weep;
Then farewell fancy, love, sleep, pain, and sore,
And farewell weeping, I can wail no more.

IX.

(SOPRANO, TENOR.)

Corydon, arise, my Corydon!
Titan shineth clear.
Who is it that calleth Corydon?
Who is it that I hear?
Phyllida, thy true love calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then;
Arise and keep thy flock with me!
Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;
Eat them for my sake.
Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.
Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee,
A pair of stockings white as milk.
Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee,
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,
Whither shall I fly?
Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
Say to her thy true love was not here;
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.
Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear,
Farewell then, farewell then,
Heaven keep our love alway.

X.

(BASS.)

Clorinda false, adieu! thy love torments me.
Let Thyrsis have thy heart, since he contents thee.
Oh, grief and bitter anguish!
For thee, for thee I languish;
Fain I, alas! would hide it,
Oh! but who can abide it?
I cannot, I, abide it.
Adieu then, Adieu,
Farewell! farewell!
Leave my death now desiring,
For thou hast thy requiring,
Thus spake Philistus on his hook relying,
And sweetly fell a-dying.

XI.

(SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR, BASS.)

Jolly shepherd on a hill,
On a hill so merrily,
On a hill so cheerily,
Fear not, shepherd, there to pipe thy fill.
Fill every dale, fill every plain;
Both sing and say, "Love feels no pain."

Jolly shepherd on a green,
On a green so merrily,
On a green so cheerily,
Be thy voice shrill, be thy mirth seen.
In every jig, in every lay
Both sing and say, "Love lasts for aye."

XII.

(TENOR.)

I lov'd a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen.
But, fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too;
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which pass'd all others far,
The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew;
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as snow;
When she was blythe and merry,
She angel-like did show;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

XIII.

(ALTO, BASS.)

We must not part as others do,
With sighs and tears, as we were two:
Though with these outward forms we part,
We keep each other in the heart.
What search hath found a being where
I am not, if that thou be there?
True love hath wings, and can as soon
Survey the world as sun and moon;
And ev'rywhere our triumphs keep
O'er absence which makes others weep;
By which alone a power is given
To live on earth, as they in heaven.

XIV.

(SOPRANO.)

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,
When as May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She said never man was true;
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She said, maids must kiss no men,
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

XV.

(SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR, BASS.)

Sweet Music, sweeter far
Than any song is sweet;
Sweet Music, heavenly rare,
Mine ears (O peers!) doth greet.
You gentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearl'd with dew,
Resemble heaven, whom golden drops make bright,
Listen, O listen! now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten weary night.
But voices most divine,
Make blissful harmony;
Voices that seem to shine,
For what else clears the sky?
Tunes can we hear, but not the singers see;
The tunes divine, and so the singers be.
"Glory to glory's King!
And peace all men among!"

To Mr. ALEXANDER HENNEMAN.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Cupid in Arcady.

The Mad Shepherd's Song,

as a Prologue.

TENOR.

W. H. Pommer, Op. 15.

Poco sostenuto.

p *con espress.* *cresc.*

f *dim.*

p Andante.

Come, shep-herd swains, that

p *dim.* *pp*

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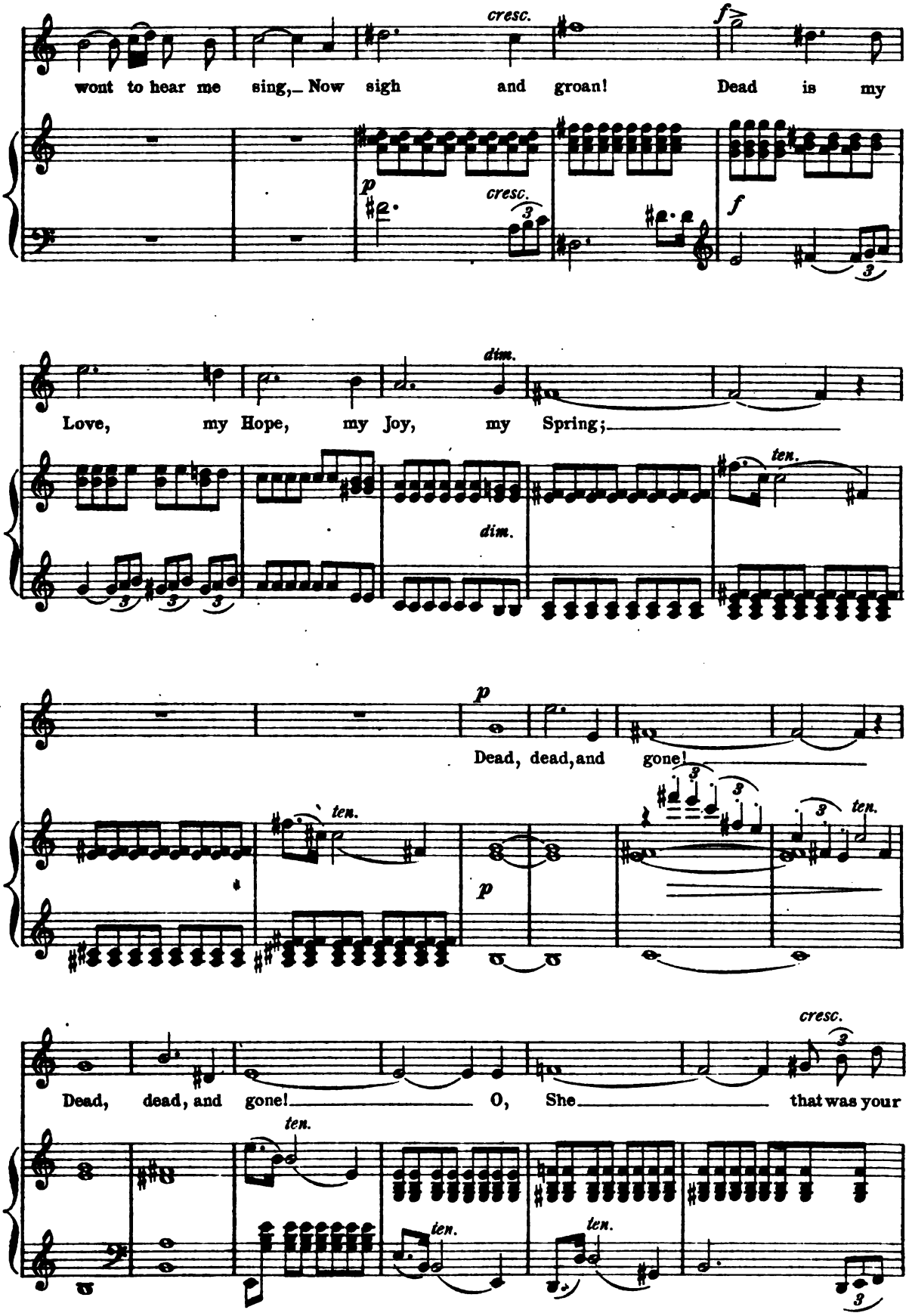
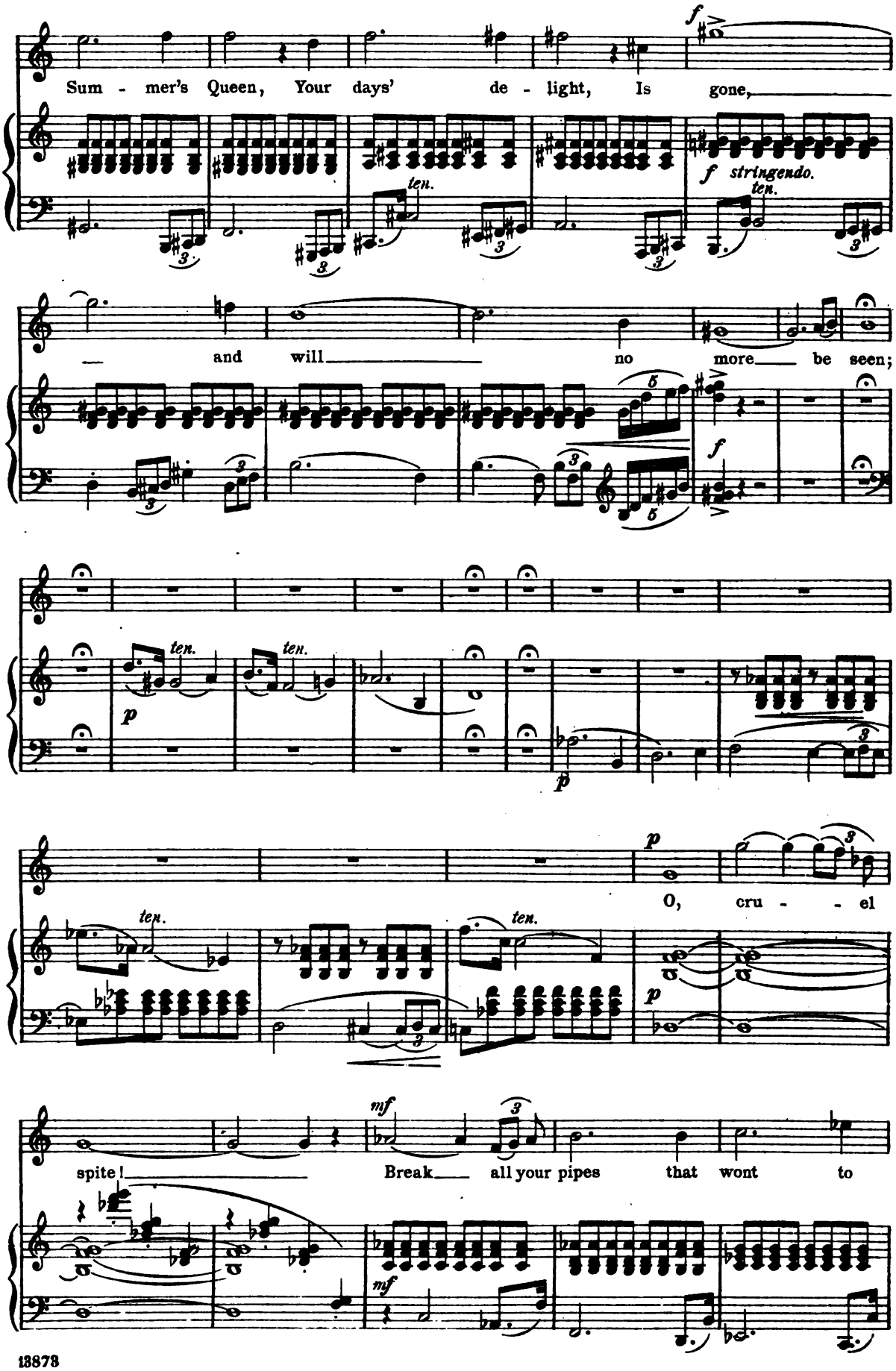

cresc.
f
wont to hear me sing,_ Now sigh and groan! Dead is my
p
cresc.
f
dim.
Love, my Hope, my Joy, my Spring;
dim.
ten.
p
Dead, dead, and gone!
ten.
p
ten.
cresc.
Dead, dead, and gone! O, She that was your
ten.
ten.
ten.


Sum - mer's Queen, Your days' de - light, Is gone,

and will no more be seen;

O, cru - el

spite! Break all your pipes that wont to

poco a poco cresc. e più animato.

sound With pleas - ant cheer, And cast your - selves upon the

ten. *ten.*

poco a poco cresc. e più animato.

ground, To wail my Dear! Come,

ff con gran passione.

ff con gran passione.

shep - herd swains, come, nymphs, ah,

ff *ten.* *ten.*

come, and all a - row To help

me cry: To help me

cry. Break all your

pipes, and cast

precipitando. your-selves up- on the ground, To wail, to wail my Dear!

dim.

p

Dead

p

p

is my Love, and see - ing She is so,

ten.

Lo, now I die!

ten.

Tempo I.

p

cresc.

f

dim.

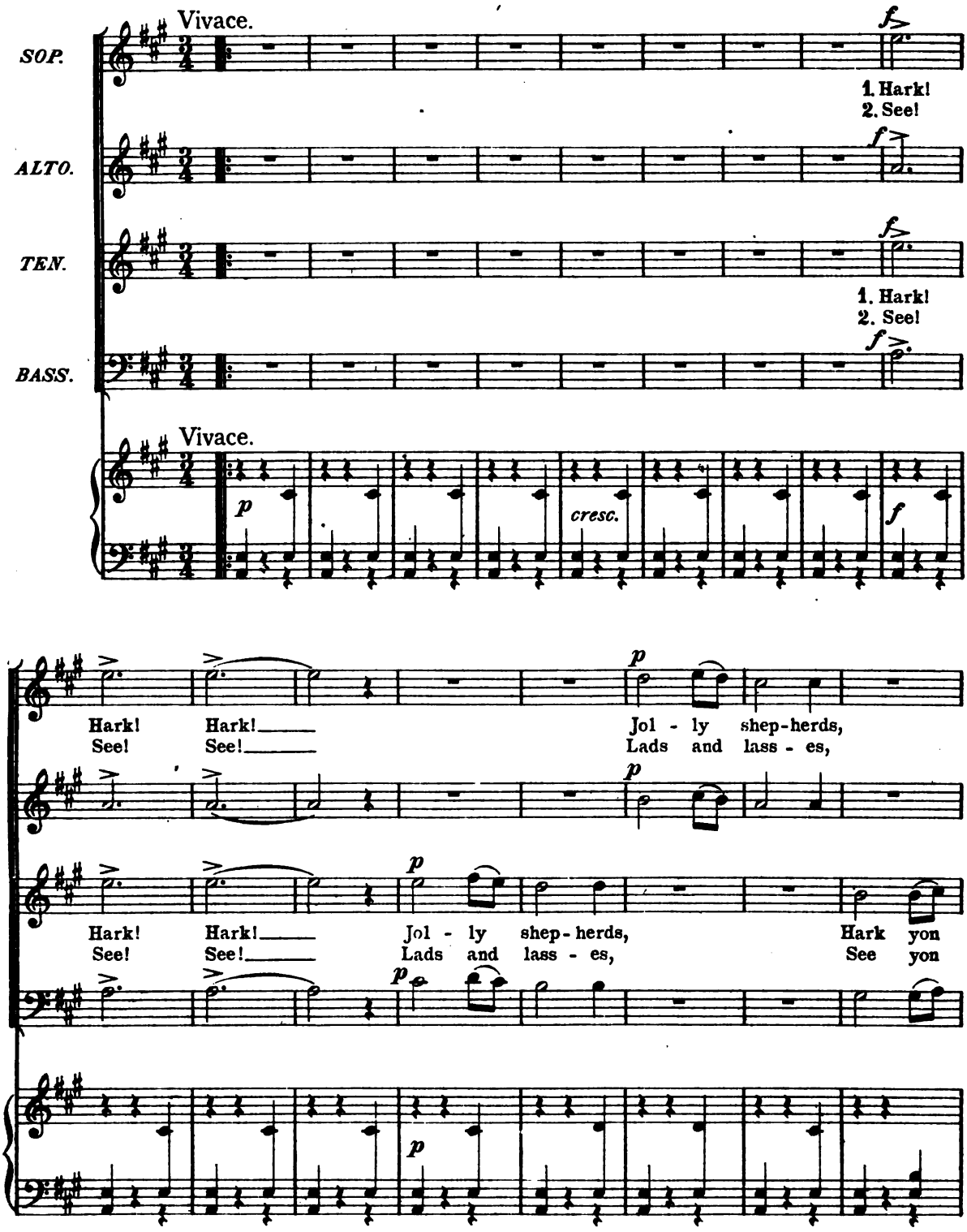
p

dim.

pp

No. 1. Hark! Hark! Hark! Jolly Shepherds.

QUARTET OR CHORUS.

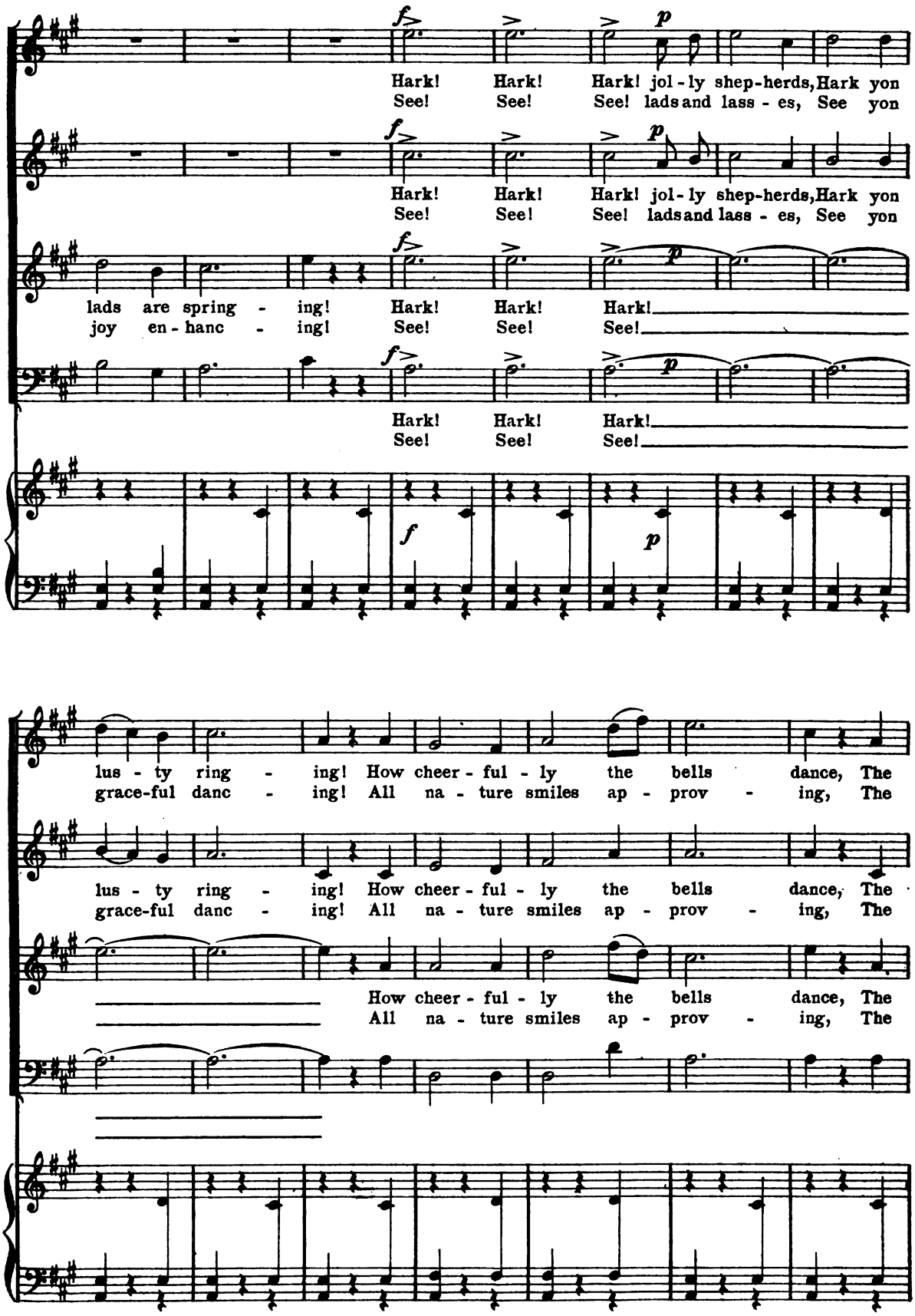


How cheer - ful - ly the bells dance,
All na - ture smiles ap - prov - ing,

lus - ty ring - ing! The whilst the
grace - ful danc - ing! The shep-herds'

How cheer - ful - ly the bells dance,
All na - ture smiles ap - prov - ing,

lads are spring - ing! The whilst the
joy en - hanc - ing! The shep - herds'


Hark! Hark! Hark! jol - ly shep-herds, Hark yon
See! See! See! lads and lass - es, See yon
Hark! Hark! Hark! jol - ly shep-herds, Hark yon
See! See! See! lads and lass - es, See yon
lads are spring - ing! Hark! Hark! Hark!
joy en - hanc - ing! See! See! See!
Hark! Hark! Hark!
See! See! See!
lus - ty ring - ing! How cheer - ful - ly the bells dance, The
grace-ful danc - ing! All na - ture smiles ap - prov - ing, The
lus - ty ring - ing! How cheer - ful - ly the bells dance, The
grace-ful danc - ing! All na - ture smiles ap - prov - ing, The
How cheer - ful - ly the bells dance, The
All na - ture smiles ap - prov - ing, The

whilst the lads are spring - ing! Go we then, why sit we
shep - herds' joy en - hanc - ing!

whilst the lads are spring - ing! Go we then, why sit we
shep - herds' joy en - hanc - ing!

whilst the lads are spring - ing! Go we then, why sit we
shep - herds' joy en - hanc - ing!

here de - lay - ing, de - lay - ing, And all yond mer - ry

here de - lay - ing, de - lay - ing, And all yond mer - ry

here de - lay - ing, de - lay - ing, And all yond mer - ry

p poco poco cresc.

wan - ton lass - es play - ing, play - ing? How gai - ly Flo - ra

p

wan - ton lass - es play - ing, play - ing? How gai - ly Flo - ra

p poco poco cresc.

wan - ton lass - es play - ing, play - ing? Hark!

p

How gai - ly Flo - ra

p poco poco cresc.

leads it, And sweet - ly treads it! How cheer - ful - ly the

leads it, And sweet - ly treads it! Hark!

How cheer - ful - ly the

leads it, And sweet - ly treads it!

f

bells dance, The whilst the lads are spring - ing! The woods and

f

The woods and

f

bells dance, The whilst the lads are spring - ing! The woods and

f

f

groves they ring, Love-ly re -

groves they ring, Love-ly re -

groves they ring, Love-ly re -

sound - ing With ech - oes sweet re - bound - ing, re - bound - ing; The

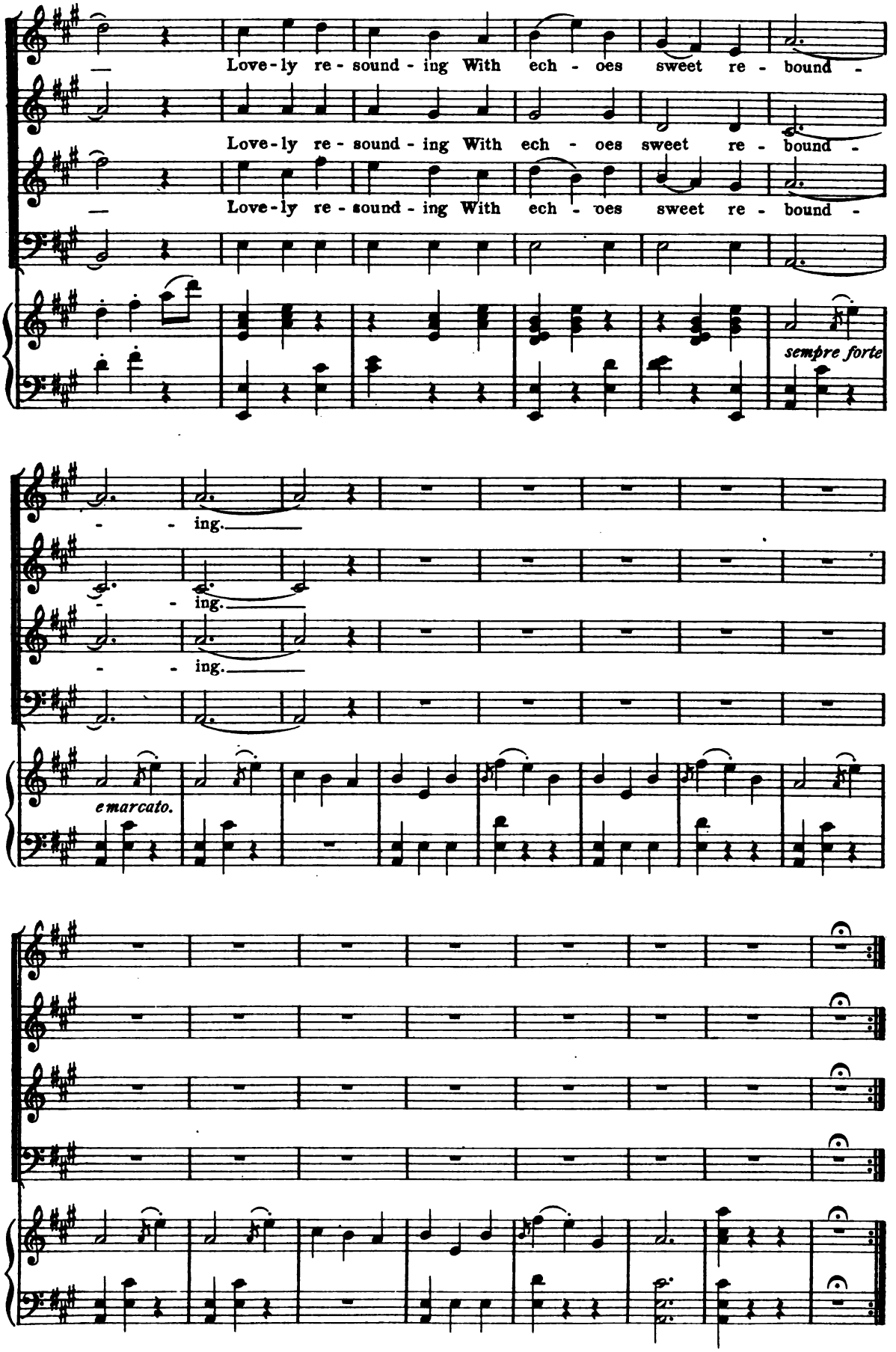
sound - ing With ech - oes sweet re - bound - ing, re - bound - ing; The

sound - ing With ech - oes sweet re - bound - ing, re - bound - ing; The

woods and groves they ring,

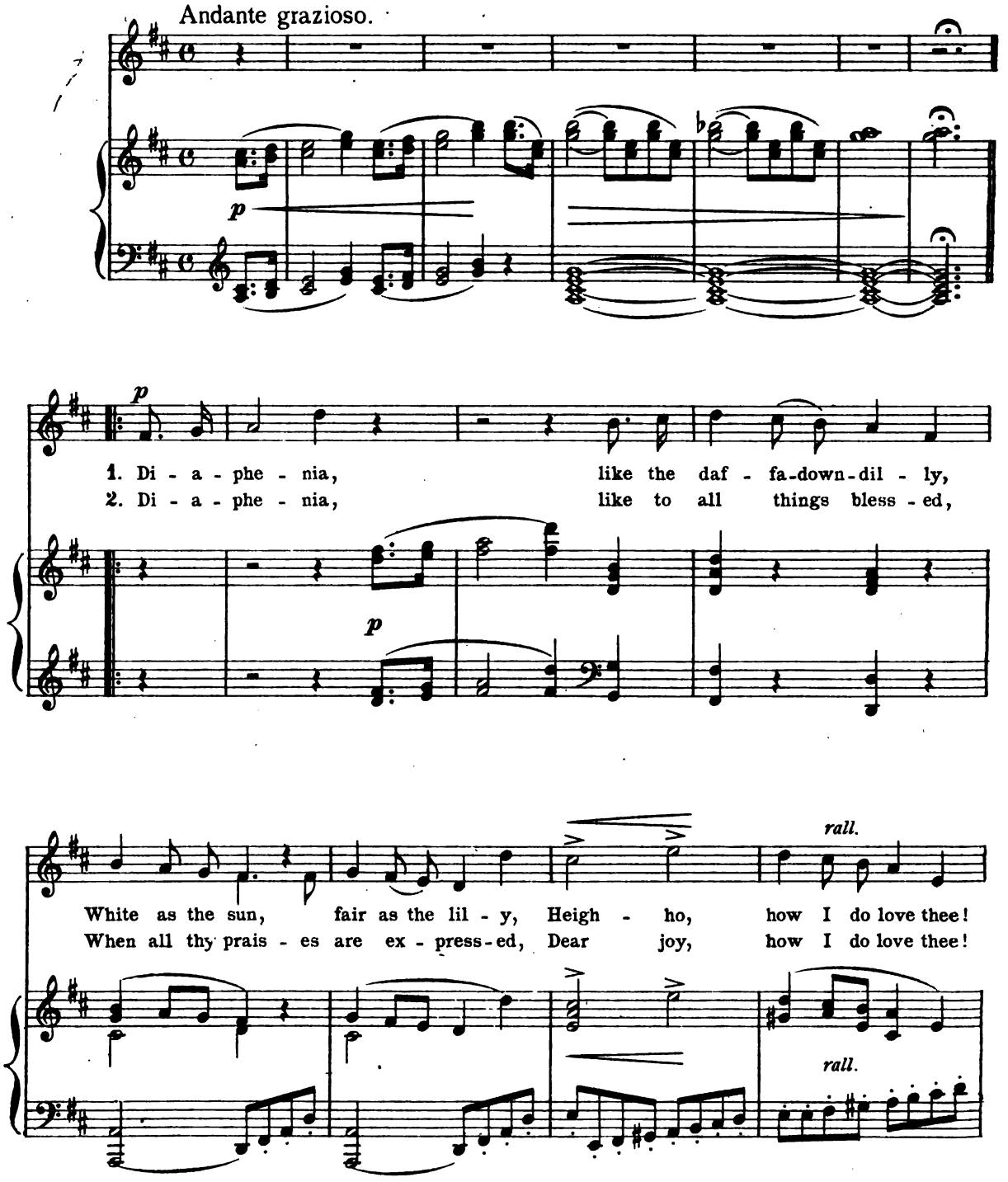
woods and groves they ring,

woods and groves they ring,


Love-ly re-sound-ing With ech-oes sweet re-bound-
Love-ly re-sound-ing With ech-oes sweet re-bound-
Love-ly re-sound-ing With ech-oes sweet re-bound-
sempre forte
-ing.
-ing.
-ing.
e marcato.

Nº 2. Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly.

TENOR.



p a tempo.

how I do love thee! I do love thee as my lambs Are be-lov - ed_
how I do love thee! As the birds do_ love the Spring, Or the bees their

p a tempo. delicato.

rit. *a tempo.*

of their dams: How blest were I if_ thou wouldst prove me!
care-ful King: Then in re - quite, sweet vir - gin, love me!

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

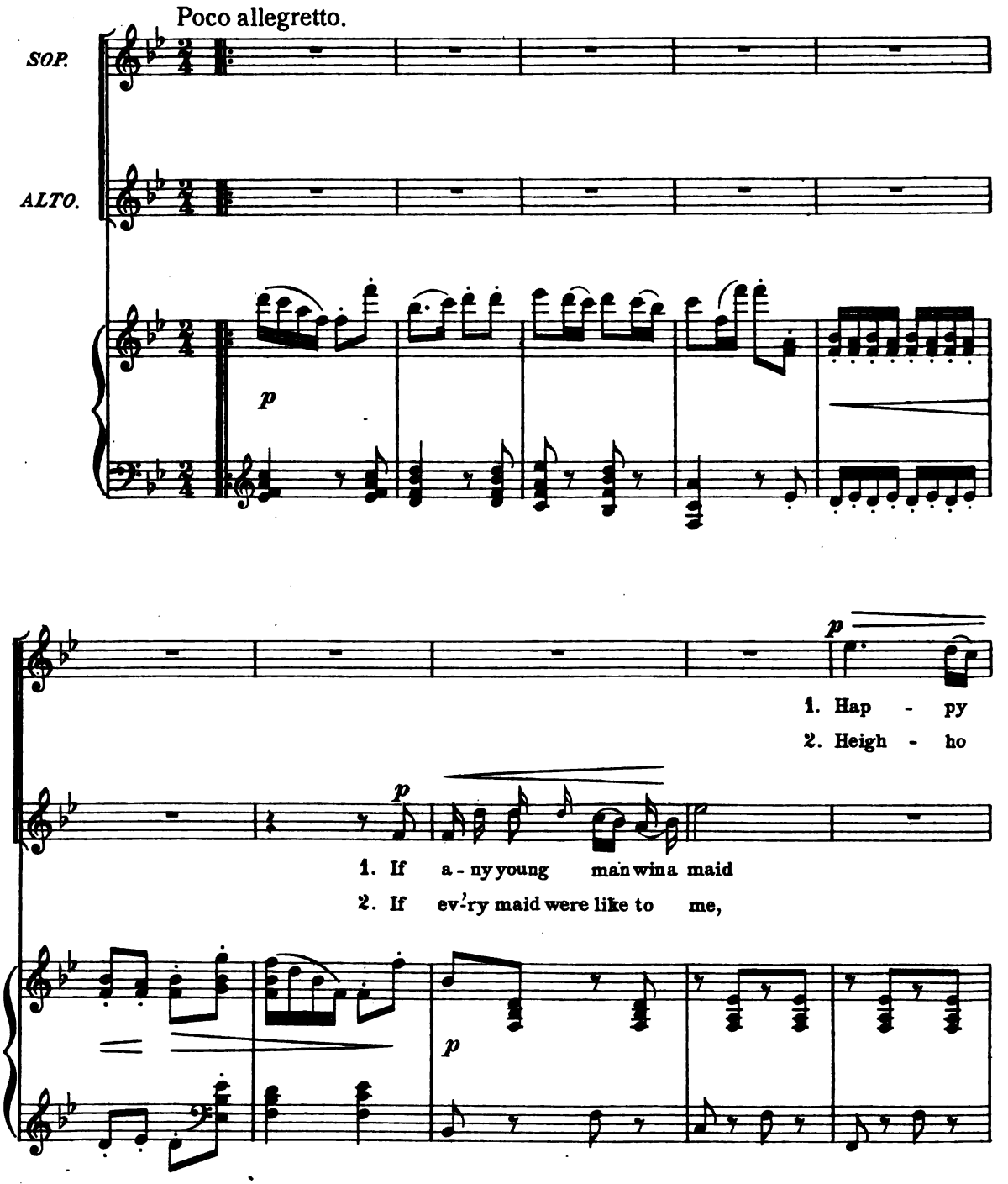
How blest were I if_ thou wouldst prove me!
Then in re - quite, sweet vir - gin, love me!

rit. *a tempo.* *con espress.*

rall.

No. 3. If any young man win a maid.

DUET.



man is he; Fie — up-on such
hard of heart! Scorn - ers shall be

By trust-ing him she is be-trayd,
Both love and lov-ers scorn'd should be,

treach-er-y! Heigh - ho,
sure of smart. Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,

If maids win young men with their guiles,
If ev' - ry maid were of my mind,

f *p*

guile-ful grief! They deal like weep-ing cro - co - diles, That mur-der men with
love - ly sweet! They to their lov - ers should prove kind, For kind-ness is for

f *p*

f *p*

f *p* *rit.*

out re-lief, They deal like weep-ing cro - co-diles, That mur-der men with-out re-
maid - ens meet, They to their lov - ers should prove kind, For kind-ness is for maid-ens

f *p* *rit.*

f

p rit.

lief.
meet.

p

Me - thinks love is an

p

i - dle toy, Heigh-ho, bus - y pain! Both wit and sense it doth an-noy, Both

sense and wit we there - by gain.

p

Tush, Phyl-lis cease! be_ not so coy,

p

rit -

Me -

rit - -

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, coy dis-dain! I know you love a shep - herd's boy,

rit -

ar - dan - do.

Meno mosso.

thinks love is an i - dle toy.

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,

ar - dan - do.

Fie that maid-ens so should feign.

ar - dan do.

bus-y pain!

con anima.

Tempo I.

p *f* *p*

Well, Am - a - ryl- lis, now I_yield, Shep - herds, pipe a-loud! Love

p *f* *p*

Ah! love-ly Phyl-lis, now you yield,

p *f*

f *p*

con-quers both in town and field, Like a ty - rant fierce and proud. The

f *p*

p *f*

even-ing star is up, ye see, Ves-per shines, we must a-way; Would ev'-ry lov-er

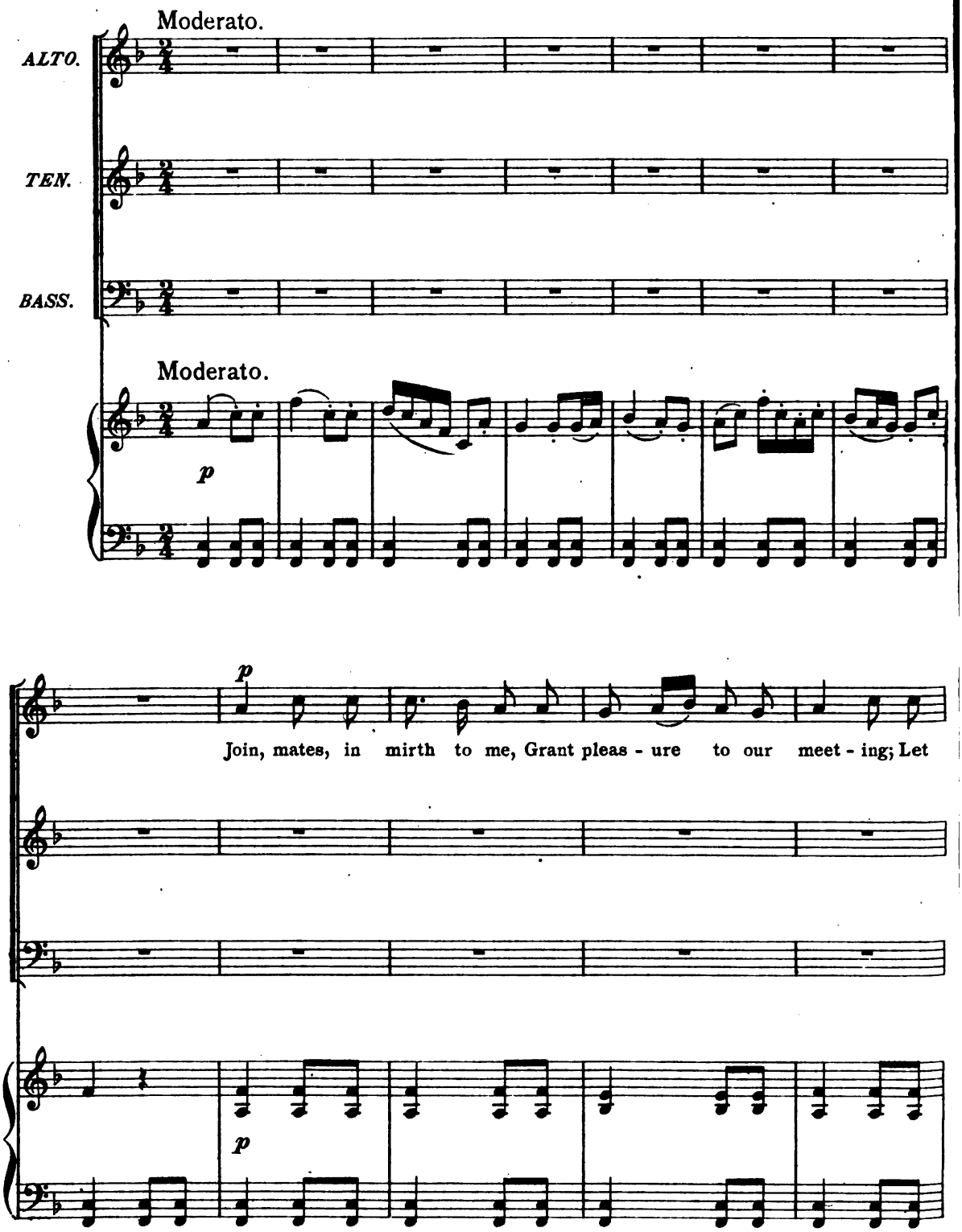
p

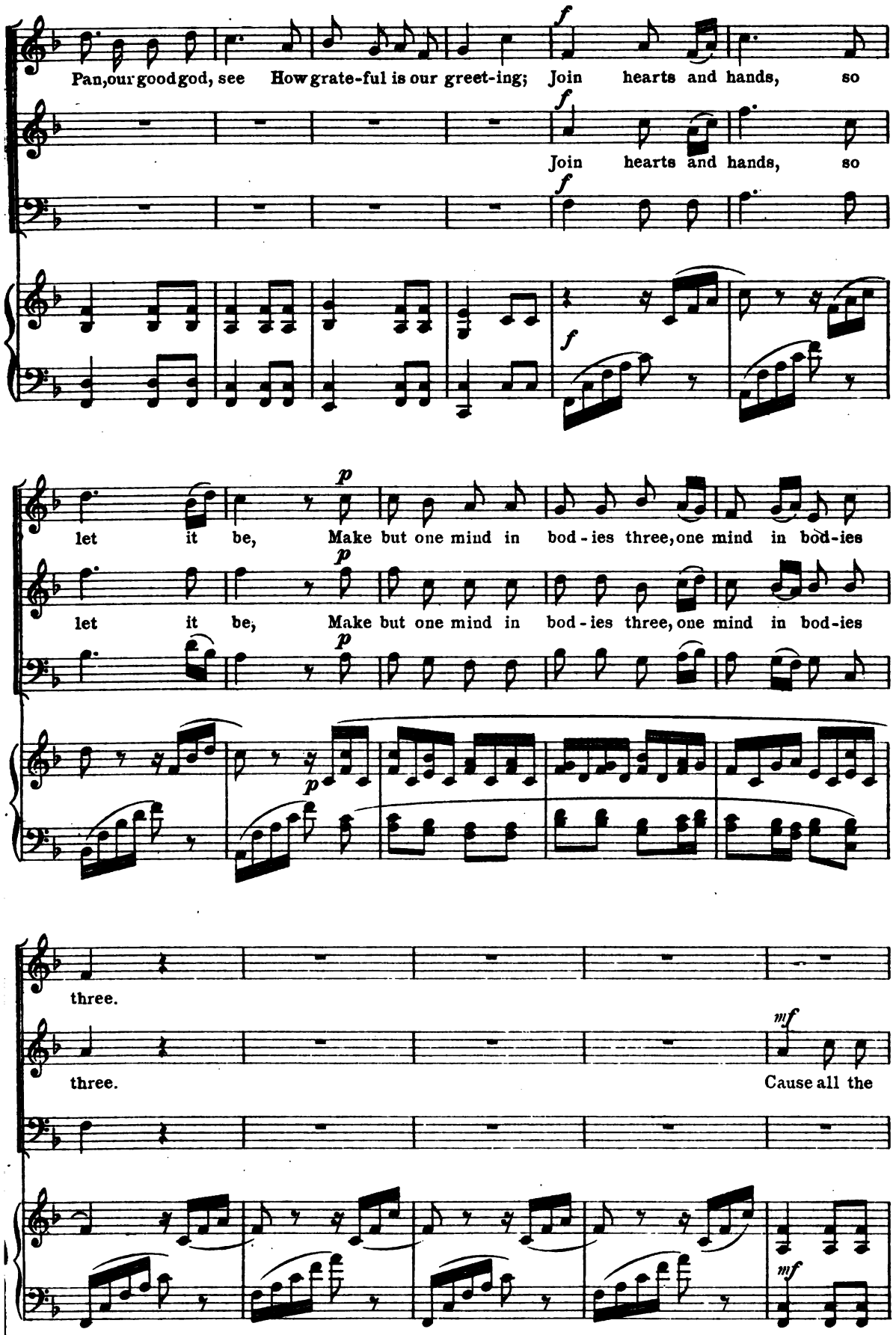
might a - gree! So we end our round - - - de - lay.

p scherzando.

No 4. Join, mates, in mirth to me.

TRIO.




Pan, our good god, see How grate-ful is our greet-ing; Join hearts and hands, so
Join hearts and hands, so
let it be, Make but one mind in bod-ies three, one mind in bod-ies
let it be, Make but one mind in bod-ies three, one mind in bod-ies
three.
three.
Cause all the

mirth you can, Since I am now come hith - er, Who nev - er joy but when I

Join hearts and hands, so let it

am with you to - geth - er. Join hearts and hands, so let it

be, Make but one mind in bod - ies three, one mind in bod-ies three.

be, Make but one mind in bod - ies three, one mind in bod-ies three.

mf

Sweet Or-pheus' harp, whose sound The

mf

stead-fast moun-tains mov - ed, Let here thy skill a - bound To join sweet friends be-

lov - ed. Join hearts and hands, so let it be, Join hearts and hands, so let it be, Make

but one mind in bod - ies three.

f

Give leave your flocks to range, Let us the while be

f

Join,

f

Give leave your flocks to range, Let us the while be

f

play - ing With - in the elm-y grange; Your flocks will not be stray - ing.

Join, Join hearts and hands, so let it be,

play - ing With - in the elm-y grange; Your flocks will not be stray - ing.

Join hearts and hands, so let it be, Make but one mind in

Join hearts and hands, join hands, join hands, join hands, Make but one mind in

Join hearts and hands, so let it be, Make but one mind in

bod - ies three, one mind in bod - ies three.

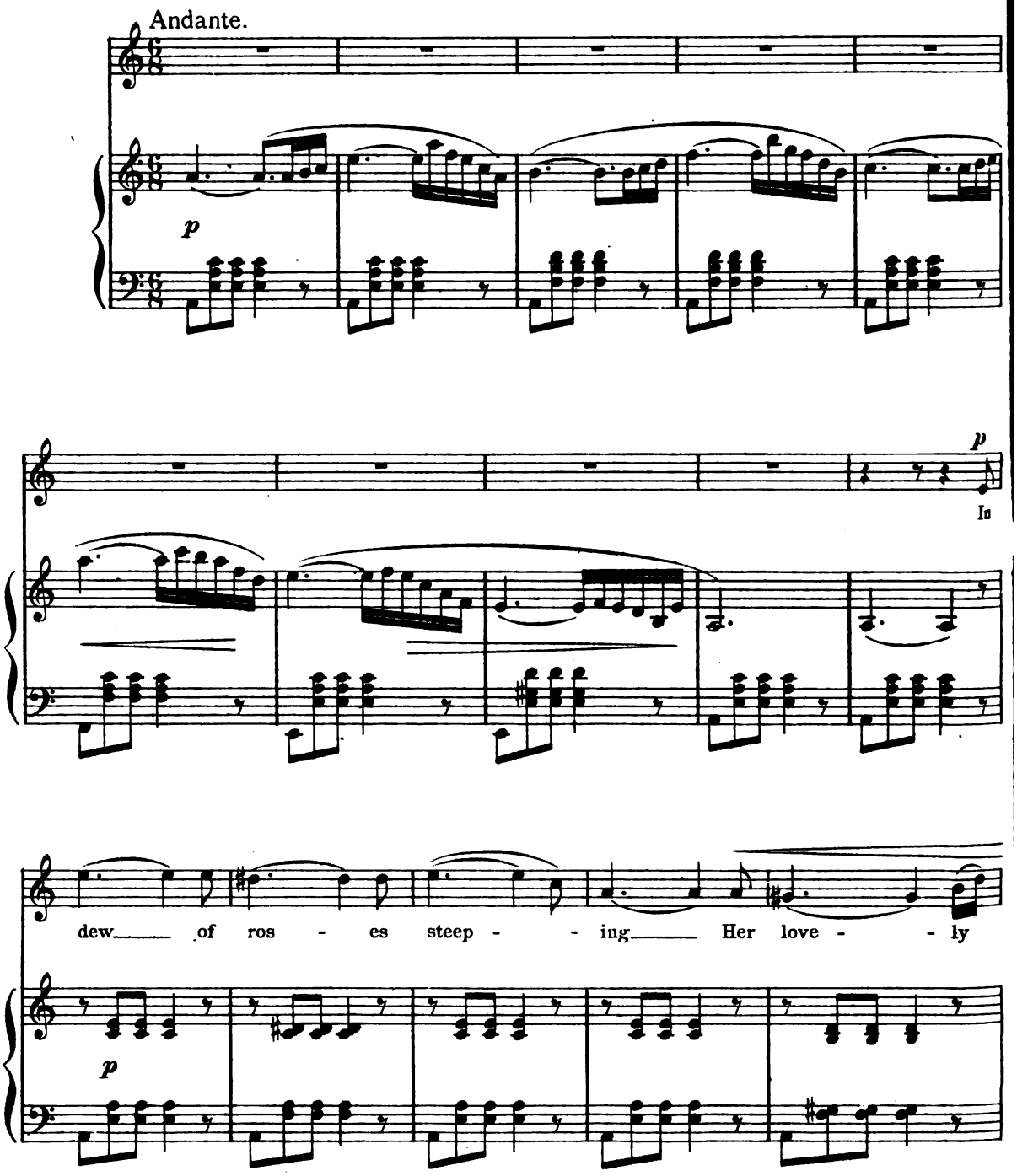
bod - ies three, one mind in bod - ies three.

bod - ies three, one mind in bod - ies three.

L.H.

No. 5. In dew of roses steeping.

SOPRANO.



cheeks, Ly - co - ris thus sat

weep - - ing: "Ah,

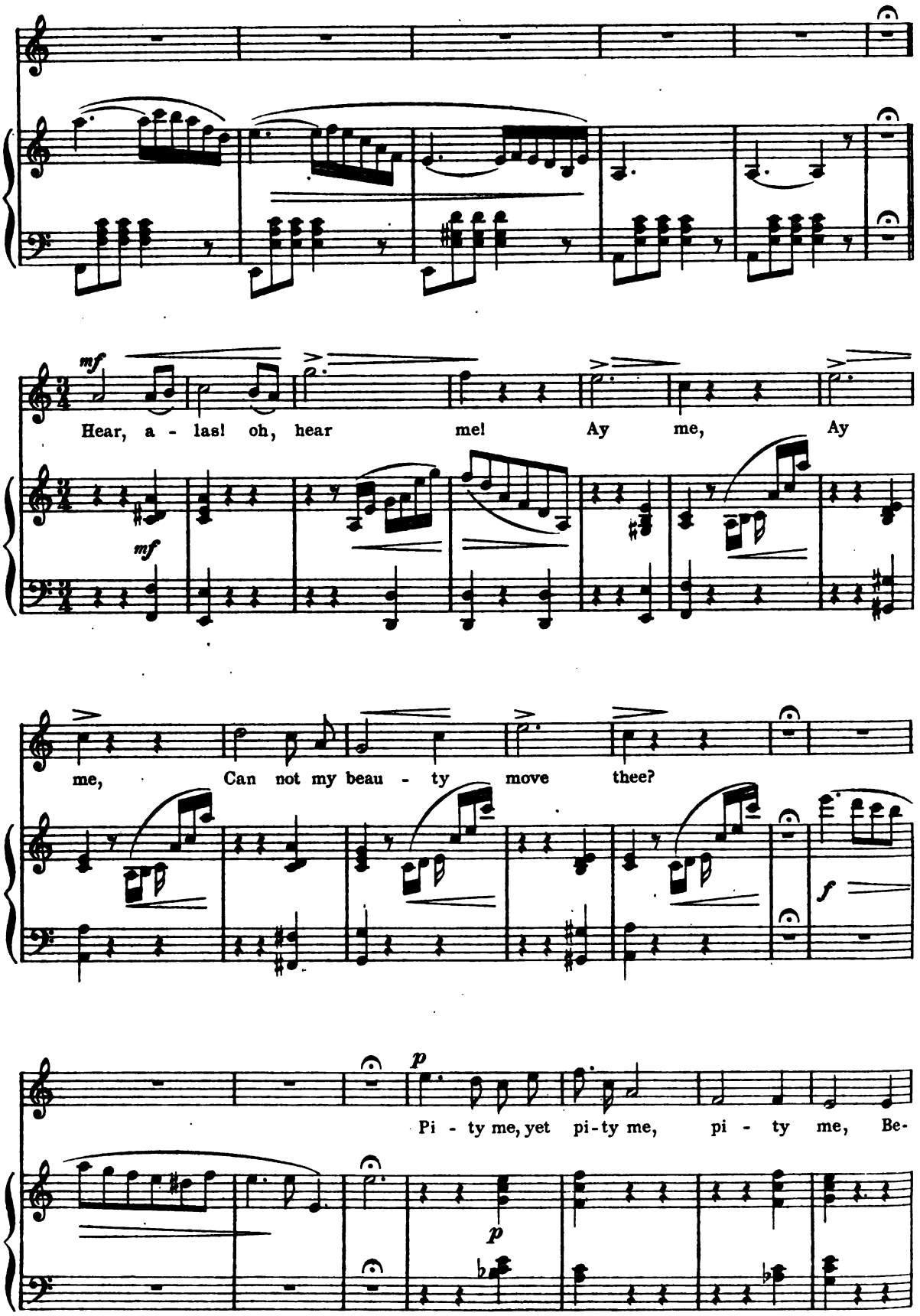
mf

con espress.

Do - rus false, that hast my heart be - reft me, And now un - kind hast

left me!

p


mf
Hear, a - las! oh, hear me! Ay me, Ay
mf
me, Can not my beau - ty move thee?
f
p
Pi - ty me, yet pi-ty me, pi - ty me, Be-
p

cause I love thee. Ay

mf

Allegro agitato.

cresc.

me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee; And this thou dost, and all to

cresc.

f

slay me. Why, do then kill me, and vaunt thee; Yet my

f

ghost, yet my ghost still shall

ff

ff

sf

haunt thee!"

8

Tempo I.

8

p

string.

f

p

No 6. Shepherd, saw you not.

DUET, TENOR AND BASS.

Andante tranquillo.

p

TENOR. *p*

"Shep - herd, saw you not My fair, love - ly,

p

Phyl - lis Walk - ing on this moun - tain, Or on you - der plain?

p

p

She is gone this way To Di-a-na's

p

foun - tain, And hath left me wound - ed, With her high dis - dain.

cresc.

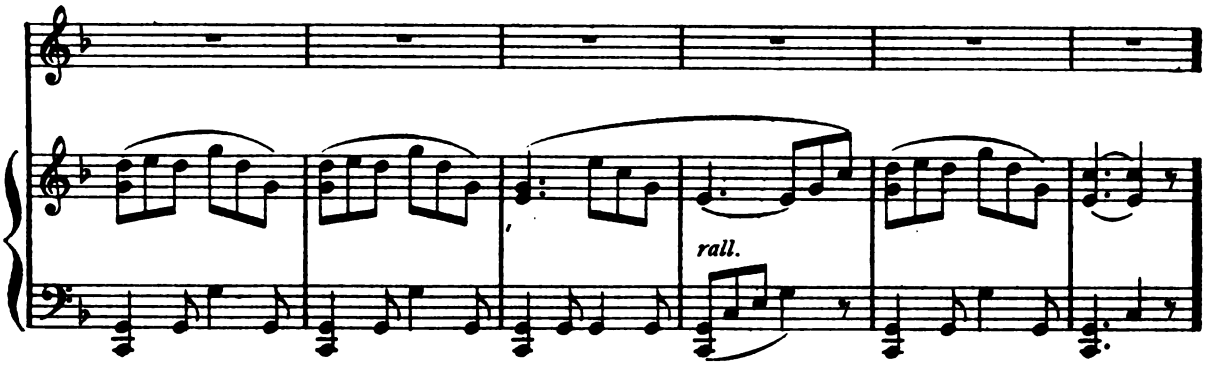
Ay me, she is fair, And with - out com - pare!

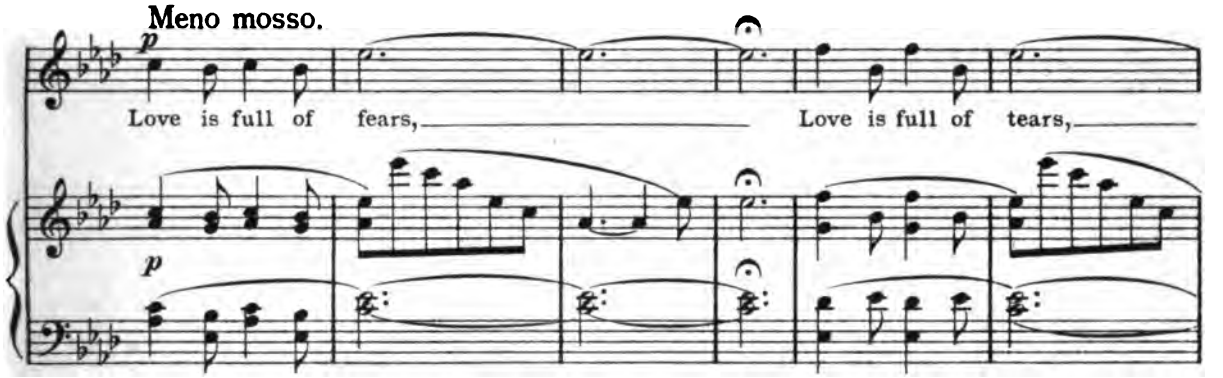
cresc.

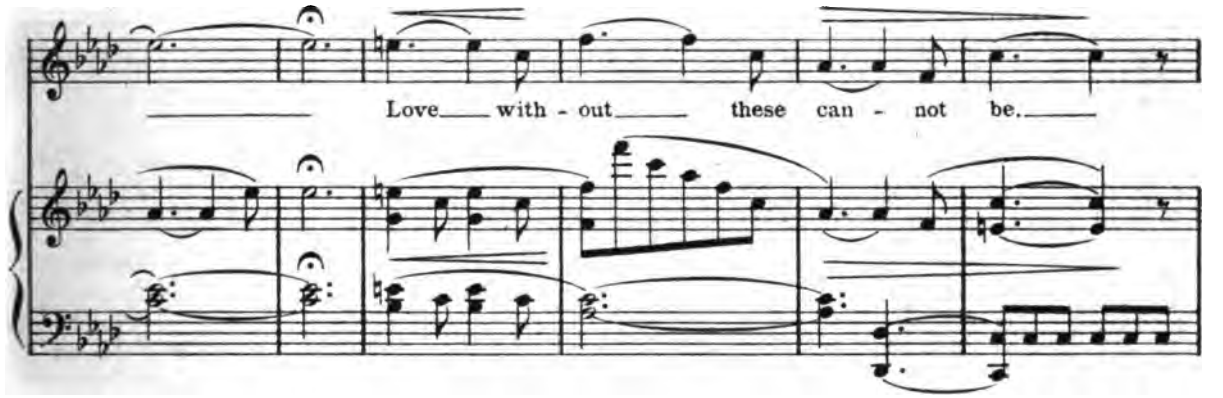
mf *dim.*

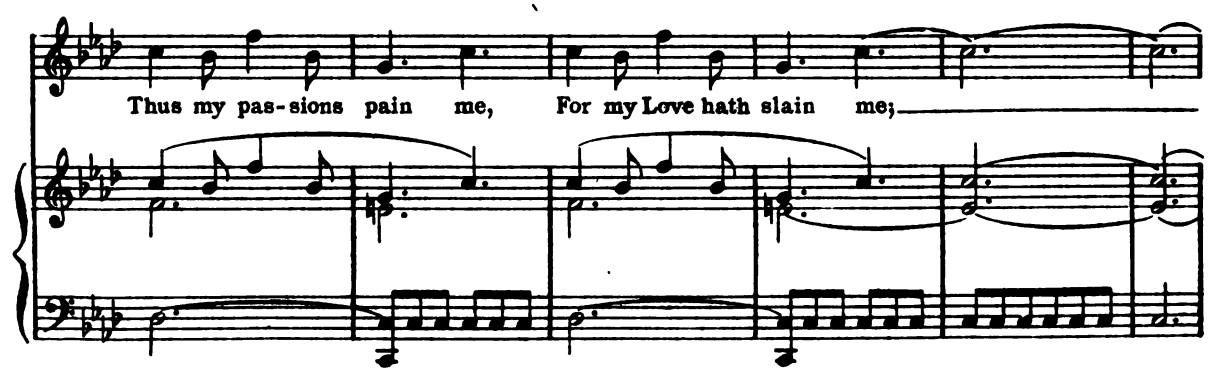
Sor - row, come and sit with me;

mf *dim.* *mf*


rall.


Meno mosso.
p
Love is full of fears, Love is full of tears,
p


Love with - out these can - not be.


Thus my pas-sions pain me, For my Love hath slain me;

più animato.

Tempo I.

p

Gen - tle shep - herd, bear a part, Pray to Cu - pid's moth - er, For I know no

p

oth - er That can help to ease my smart."

Poco più animato.

BASS.

mf

"Shep - herd, I have seen Thy

Poco più animato.

mf

fair, love-ly, Phyl - lis, Where her flocks are feed - ing, By the riv - er's side;

Oh! I much ad - mire, She, so far ex - ceed - ing In sur-pass-ing

beau - ty, Should sur-pass in pride. But, a-las! I find

Tempo I.

mf

mf

They are all un - kind; Beau - ty knows her pow'r too well.

p *rit.*

p *rit.*

Con energica.

f

When they list they love,

f

When they please they move,

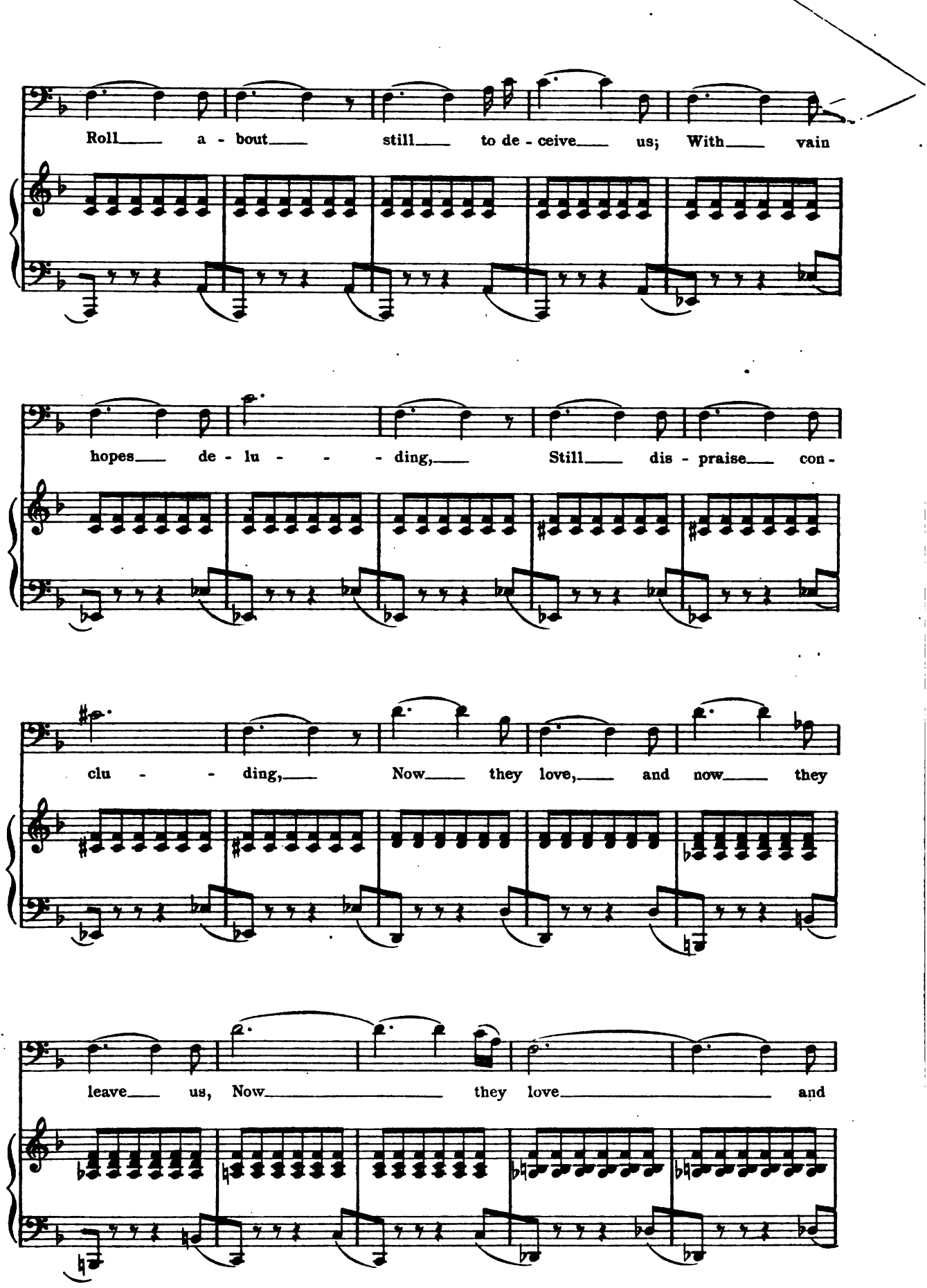
Thus they turn our

heav'n to hell.

Tempo I.

For their fair eyes

glanc - - ing, Like to Cu - pid's danc - - - ing,


Roll a - bout still to de - ceive us; With vain
hopes de - lu - - - ding, Still dis - praise con -
clu - - ding, Now they love, and now they
leave us, Now they love and

rit. *a tempo.*

now they leave us."

rit. *a tempo.*

TENOR.

p

"Hap - py shall I be, If she grant me fa - vour Else for love I

p

Allegro agitato.

die; Phyl-lis is so fair."

f

"Bold-ly then go see, Thou mayst quickly have her;

Allegro agitato.

f

rit.

Tempo I.

Though she should deny Yet do not despair."

rit.

pp

TENOR.

p

"She is full of pride; Ven-us be my guide! Help a

p

sil - ly shep-herd's speed!"

BASS.

"Use no such de-lay,

Shep - herd, go - thy way,

Con energica.

mf *f*

Ven - ture, man, and do the deed."

mf *f*

TENOR.

Tempo I.

p

"I will sore com - plain me, I will sore com - plain me."

p

BASS.

Andante sostenuto.

mf

"Say that love hath slain thee If her fa-vours do not

mf

feed; But take no de - ni - al,

Stand up - on thy tri - al; Spare to speak, and

Tempo I.

want of speed."

Nº 7. When May is in his prime.

QUARTET OR CHORUS.

Allegretto. (*Unaccompanied.*)

SOP.

1. When May is in his prime, Then may each heart re-
2. May prick-eth ten-der hearts Their warb-ling notes to
3. All ye that live on earth, And have your May at

ALTO.

TEN.

1. When May is in his prime, Re-
2. May prick-eth ten-der hearts, Re-
3. All ye that live on earth, Re-

BASS.

Allegretto.

(These small notes are to be used in practice only.)

joice; When May be-decks each branch with green, Each bird strains forth his voice. The
tune; Full strange it is, yet some, we see, Do make their May in June. Thus
will; Re-joice in May as we do now, And use your May with skill! Use

joice! When May be-decks each branch with green, Each bird strains forth his voice.
joice! Full strange it is, yet some, we see, Do make their May in June.
joice! Re-joice in May as we do now, And use your May with skill!

live - ly sap creeps up In - to the bloom-ing thorn; The flow'rs which cold in
things are strangely wrought Whiles joy - ful May doth last; Take May in time! when
May while that you may, For May hath but his time! When all the fruit is

Re-joice! Re - joice! Re - joice!
Re-joice! Re - joice! Re - joice!
Re-joice! Re - joice! Re - joice!

f *rit.*

pris - on kept, Now laugh the frost to scorn. Re-joice! Re - joice!
May is gone, The pleas - ant time is past. Re-joice! Re - joice!
gone it is Too late the tree to climb. Re-joice! Re - joice!

f *rit.*

When May is in his prime.
When May is in his prime.
When May is in his prime.

f *rit.*

Re-joice! Now laugh the frost to scorn. Re-joice! Re - joice!
Re-joice! Whiles joy - ful May doth last. Re-joice! Re - joice!
Re-joice! For May hath but his time. Re-joice! Re - joice!

f *rit.*

When May is in his prime.
When May is in his prime.
When May is in his prime.

f *rit.*

No. 8. Ladies and Nymphs.

ALTO

Con dolore.

p

La - dies, and nymphs, come lis - ten to my plaint, On

whom the cheer - ful sun did nev-er rise; If pi - ty's

strokes your ten-der breasts may taint, Come learn of_ me to wet your

mf

wan - ton eyes, For Love in_ vain the name of plea - sure

mf

dim.

bears; His sweet de - lights are turned in - - - - to

dim.

p

fears.

p con espress.

Con anima.

p

My life_ was_ light,_ my_ blood did spirt and spring, My

p

cresc.

bod - y quick, my heart be-gan to leap, And ev - 'ry thorn-y

cresc.

thought did prick and sting, The fruit of my de - sir - ed

f

f *e marcato.*

joys to reap; But he, on whom to think my soul still

p

p

Come prima.

tires, In bale for-sook and left me in the briars, In

bale for - sook and left me in the briars.

p

Thus

p

p

fan - cy strung my lute to lays of love, And Love hath

rock'd my wea - ry muse a - sleep; And sleep is brok - en by the

pain I prove, And ev - 'ry pain I feel doth force me

mf

weep; Then fare - well fan - cy, love, sleep, pain, and sore, And

mf

dim. *p*

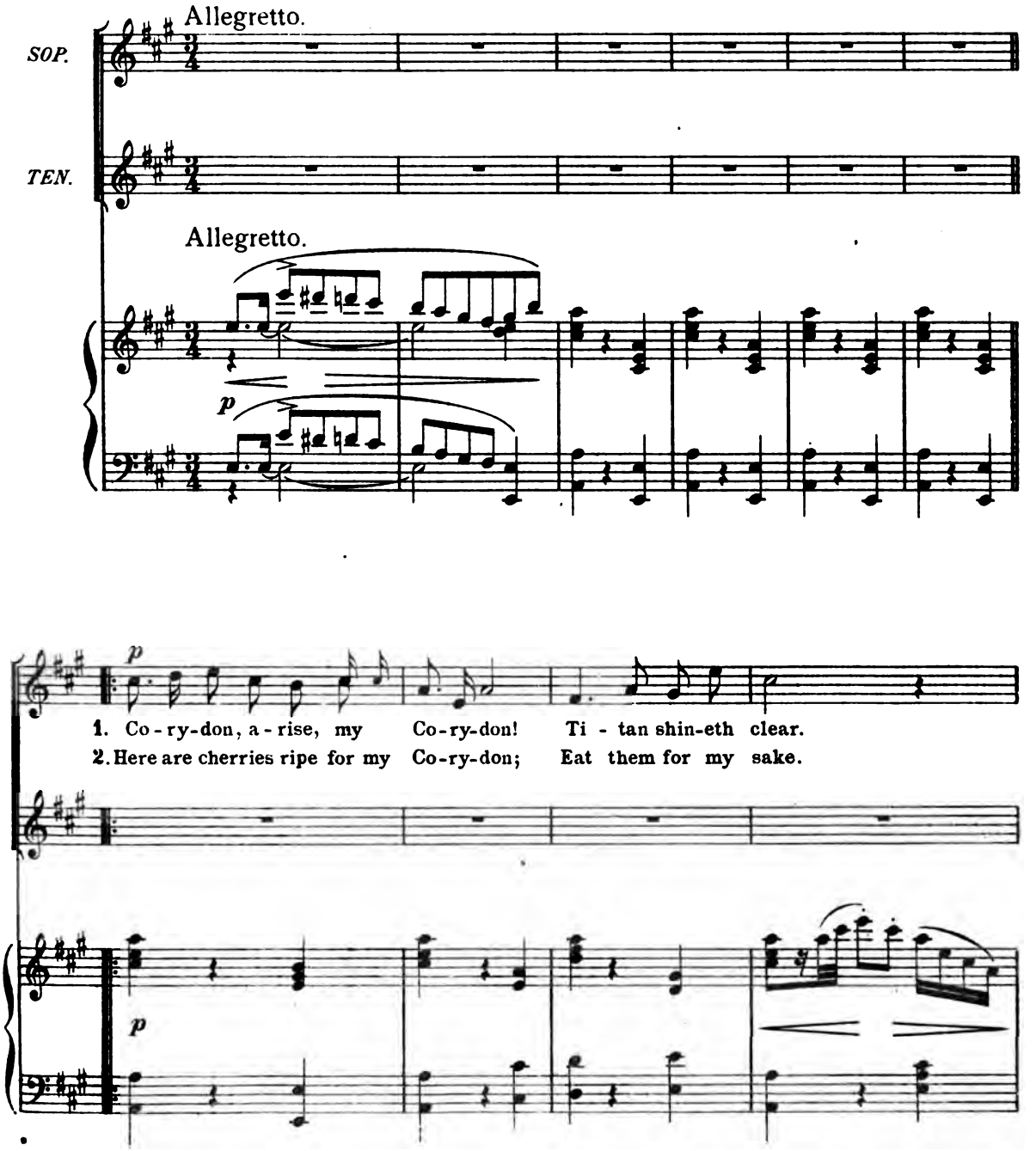
fare - well weep - ing, I can wail no more.

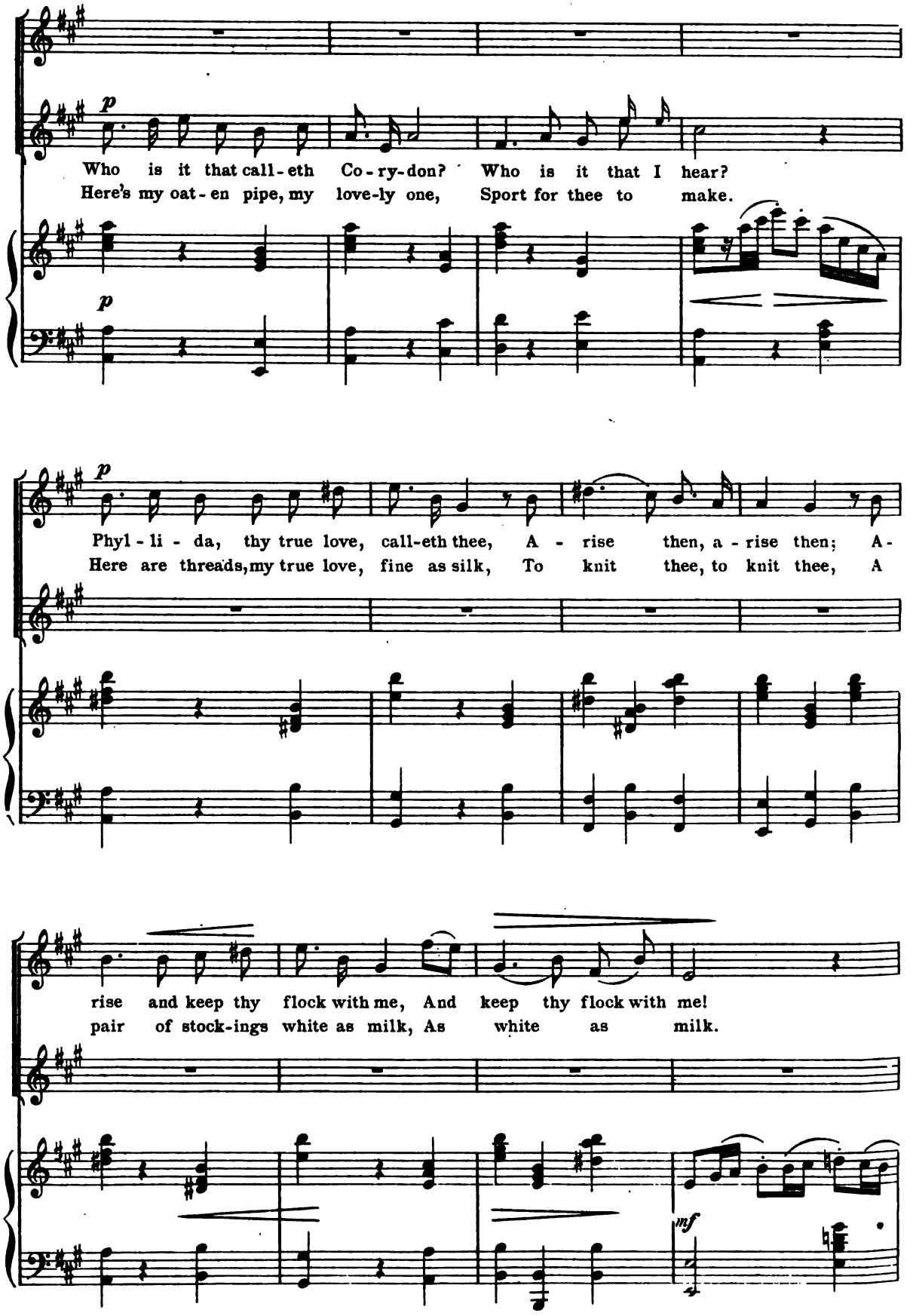
dim. *p con espress.*

pendendosi. *pp*

№ 9. Corydon, arise, my Corydon.

DUET.




p
Who is it that call-eth Co-ry-don? Who is it that I hear?
Here's my oat-en pipe, my love-ly one, Sport for thee to make.
p
p
Phyl-li-da, thy true love, call-eth thee, A-rise then, a-rise then; A-
Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk, To knit thee, to knit thee, A
rise and keep thy flock with me, And keep thy flock with me!
pair of stock-ings white as milk, As white as milk.
mf

cresc.

f

p

Phyl - li - da, my true love, is it she? I come then, I come then, I
Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat, To make thee, to make thee, A

p

cresc.

cresc.

dim.

come and keep my flock with thee.
bon - net to with-stand the heat.

dim.

p

Poco agitato.

p *f*

Yon-der comes my moth-er, Co - ry-don, Whith-er shall I fly?

Poco agitato.

p *f* *p*

p *rall.*

Un-der yon-der beech, my love-ly one, While she pass-eth by.

p *p* *rall.*

Andante amoroso.

p

Say to her thy true love was not here; Re - mem - -

p

Doubt me not, ___ my true love, do not fear; Fare - well

Andante amoroso.

p

ber, re - mem - - ber, Oh! Co - ry - don, my

mf

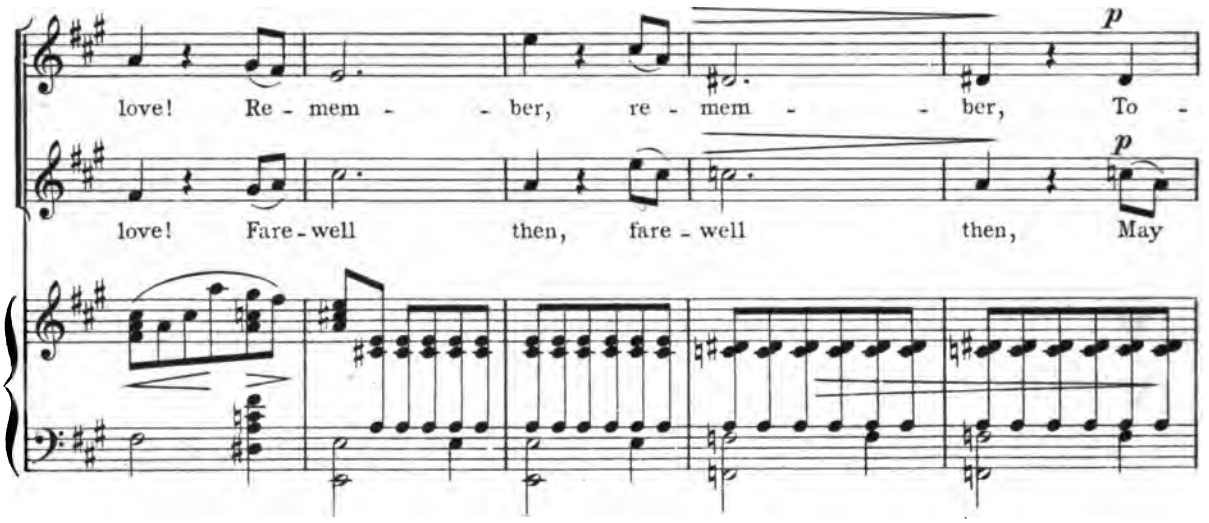
then, fare - well then, Oh! Phyl - li - da, my

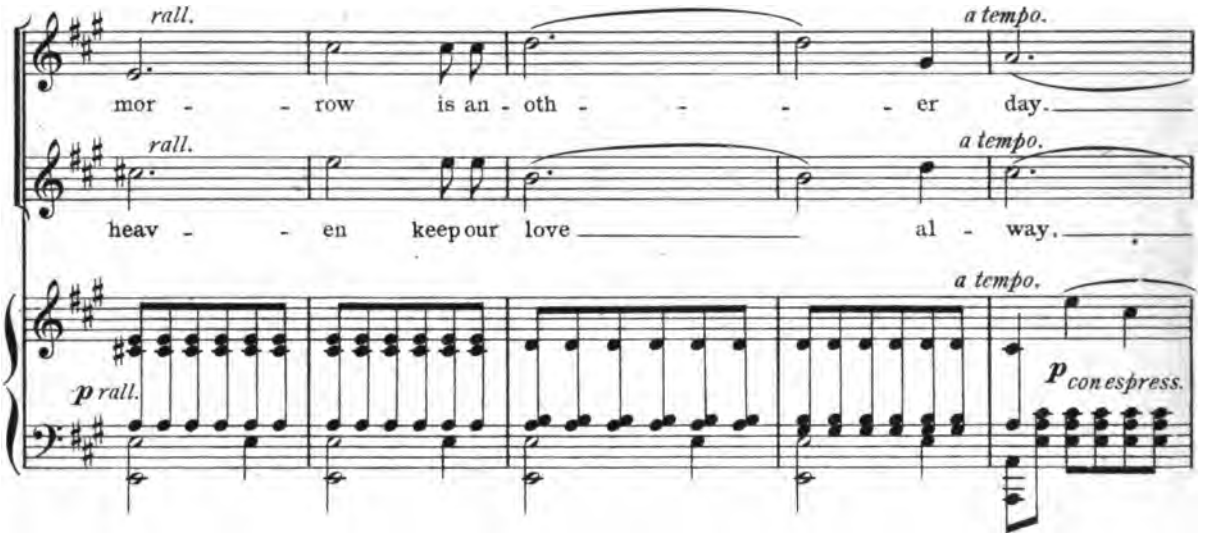
mf

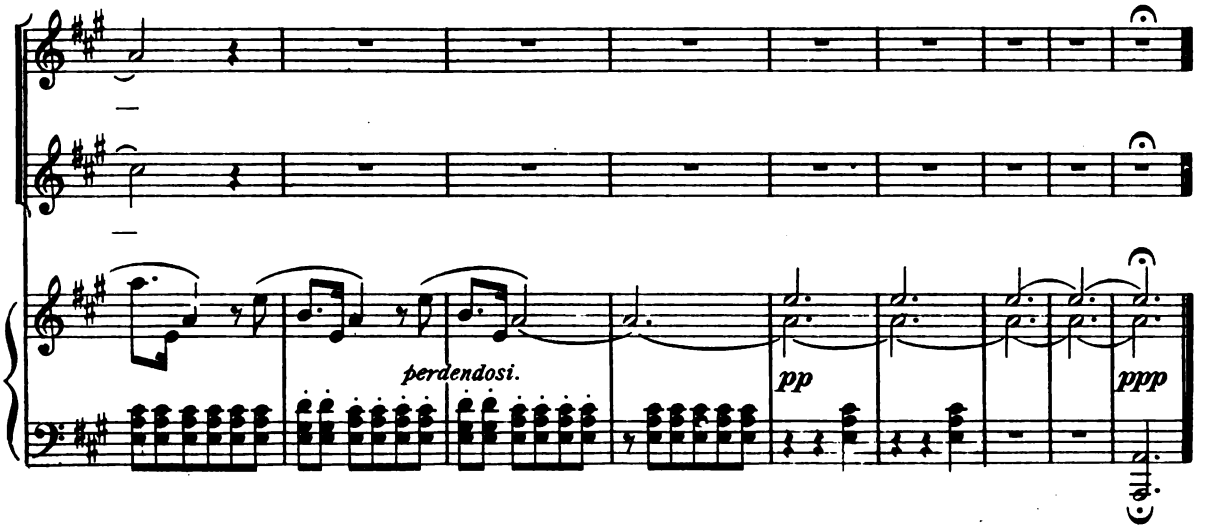
mf

true, true love! Oh! Co - ry - don, my true, true

true, true love! Oh! Phyl - li - da, my true, true


p
love! Re - mem - - ber, re - mem - - ber, To -
p
love! Fare - well then, fare - well then, May

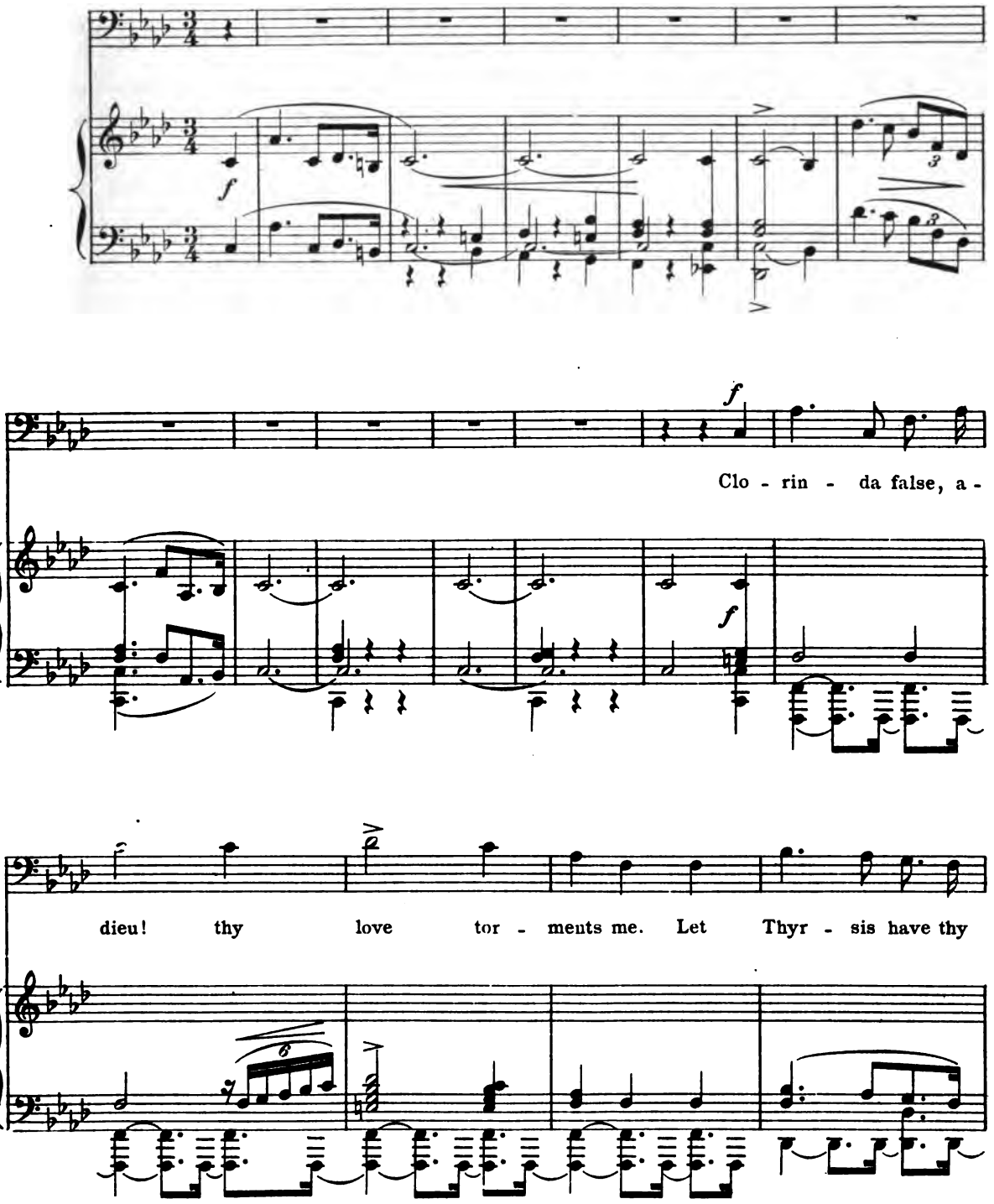

rall.
a tempo.
mor - - row is an - oth - - - - er day.
rall.
a tempo.
heav - - en keep our love al - way.
a tempo.
p rall.
p con espress.


perdendosi.
pp
ppp

No 10. Clorinda false, adieu.

BASS.

Andante maestoso.



heart, since he con - tents thee. Oh, grief and bit - ter an - guish! Oh,

grief and bit - ter an-guish! For thee, for thee, for

poco a

thee I lan - guish; Fain I, a - las! would

poco a

poco più agitato.

hide it, Oh! but who, but who can a - bide it?

poco più agitato.

I can-not, I, I can-not, I, a - bide it, a -

bide it. A - dieu, then, a - dieu, Fare - well!

calmato.

calmato.

Fare - well! Fare - well!

dim.

dim.

p

Leave my death now de - sir - - ing, For thou

p

hast thy re - quir - - ing, Thus spake Phi - lis - tus

mf

on his hook re - ly - ing, And sweet - - - - - - -

mf

- ly fell a - dy - - - - ing.

con espress.

p

rall.

Nº 11. Jolly shepherd, on a hill.

QUARTET OR CHORUS.

Allegro con spirito.

SOP.

ALTO.

TEN.

BASS.

p

1. Jol - ly shep-herd,
2. Jol - ly shep-herd,

p

1. Jol - ly shep-herd,
2. Jol - ly shep-herd,

Allegro con spirito.

8

f

p

p

On a hill so mer - ri - ly, On a hill so
On a green so mer - ri - ly, On a green so

shep-herd on a hill, On a hill so mer - ri - ly, On a hill so
shep-herd on a green, On a green so mer - ri - ly, On a green so

p

On a hill so mer - ri - ly, On a hill so
On a green so mer - ri - ly, On a green so

shep-herd on a hill,
shep-herd on a green,

p

cresc.

cheer - i - ly, Fear not, shep - herd, there to pipe thy fill,
cheer - i - ly, Be thy voice shrill, be thy mirth seen,

cresc.

cheer - i - ly, Fear not, shep - herd, there to pipe thy fill,
cheer - i - ly, Be thy voice shrill, be thy mirth seen,

cresc.

cheer - i - ly, Fear not, shep - herd, there to pipe thy fill,
cheer - i - ly, Be thy voice shrill, be thy mirth seen,

cresc.

cresc.

Fear not, shep - herd, there to pipe thy fill. *f* Fill eve - ry
Be thy voice shrill, be thy mirth seen. In eve - ry

Fear not, shep - herd, there to pipe thy fill. *f* Fill eve - ry
Be thy voice shrill, be thy mirth seen. In eve - ry

Fear not, shep - herd, there to pipe thy fill. *f* Fill eve - ry
Be thy voice shrill, be thy mirth seen. In eve - ry

f

f

p

dale, fill eve-ry plain; Both sing and say, "Love feels no pain," Both
jig, in eve-ry lay Both sing and say, "Love lasts for aye," Both

p

dale, fill eve-ry plain; Both sing and say, "Love feels no pain," Both
jig, in eve-ry lay Both sing and say, "Love lasts for aye," Both

p

dale, fill eve-ry plain; Both sing and say, "Love feels no pain," Both
jig, in eve-ry lay Both sing and say, "Love lasts for aye," Both

p

8

8

p

f *cresc.*

sing and say, "Love feels no pain." Fill eve-ry dale, fill eve-ry
sing and say, "Love lasts for aye." In eve-ry jig, in eve-ry

f *cresc.*

sing and say, "Love feels no pain." Fill eve-ry dale, fill eve-ry
sing and say, "Love lasts for aye." In eve-ry jig, in eve-ry

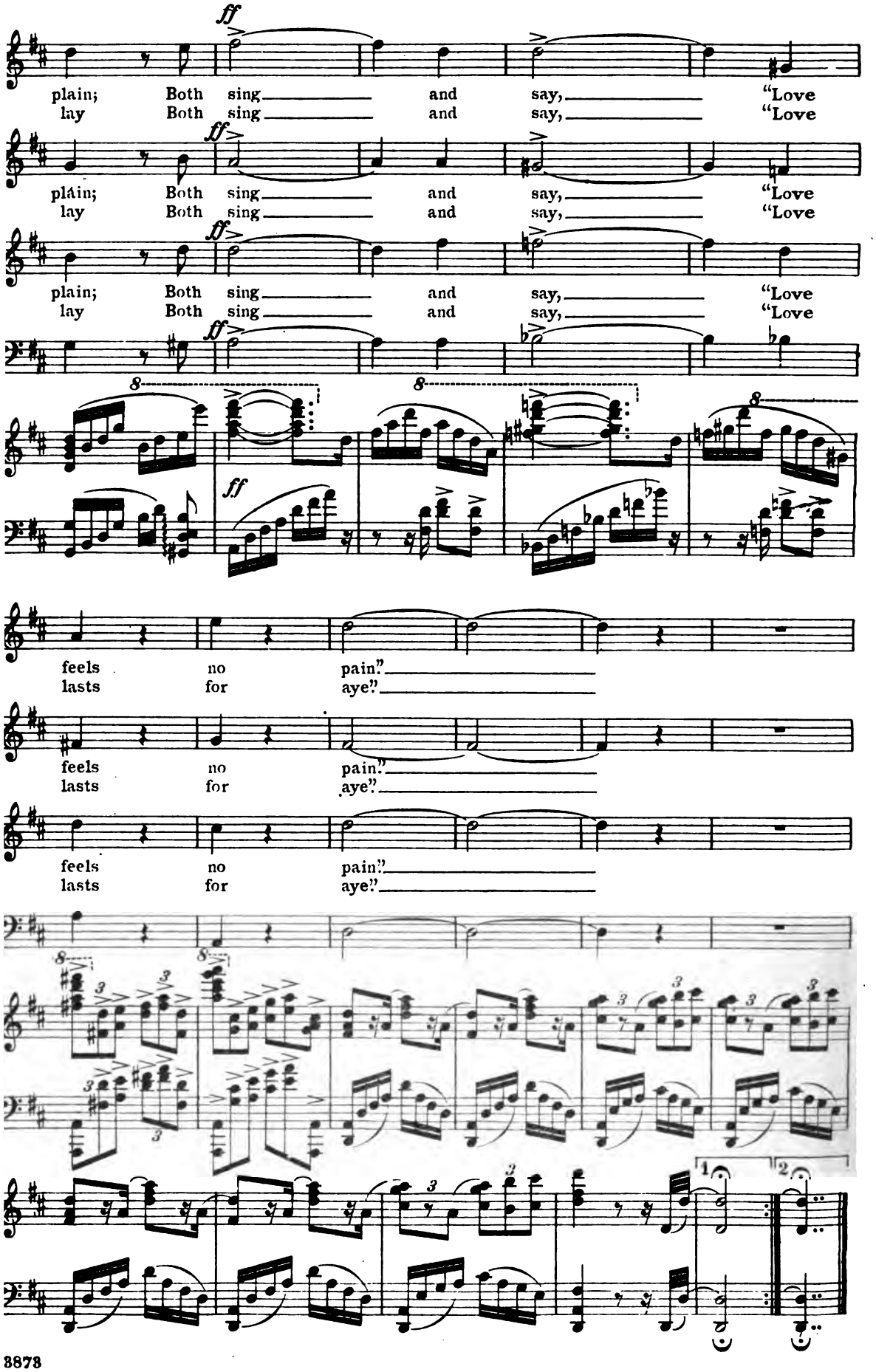
f *cresc.*

sing and say, "Love feels no pain." Fill eve-ry dale, fill eve-ry
sing and say, "Love lasts for aye." In eve-ry jig, in eve-ry

f *cresc.*

8

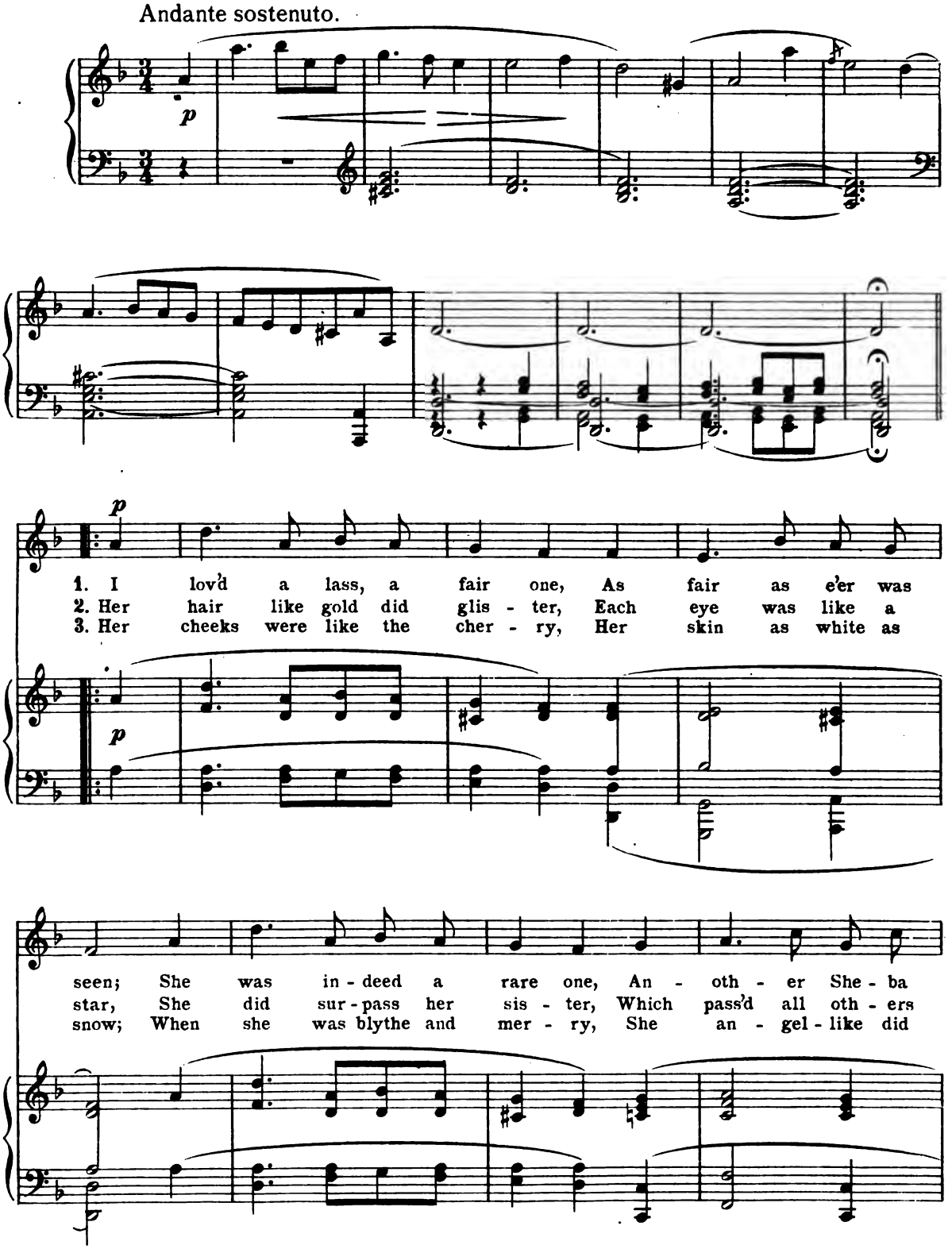
f *cresc.*


ff
plain; Both sing and say, "Love
lay Both sing and say, "Love
ff
plain; Both sing and say, "Love
lay Both sing and say, "Love
ff
plain; Both sing and say, "Love
lay Both sing and say, "Love
ff
ff
feels no pain."
lasts for aye."
feels no pain."
lasts for aye."
feels no pain."
lasts for aye."
1
2

No. 12. I lov'd a lass, a fair one.

TENOR.

Andante sostenuto.



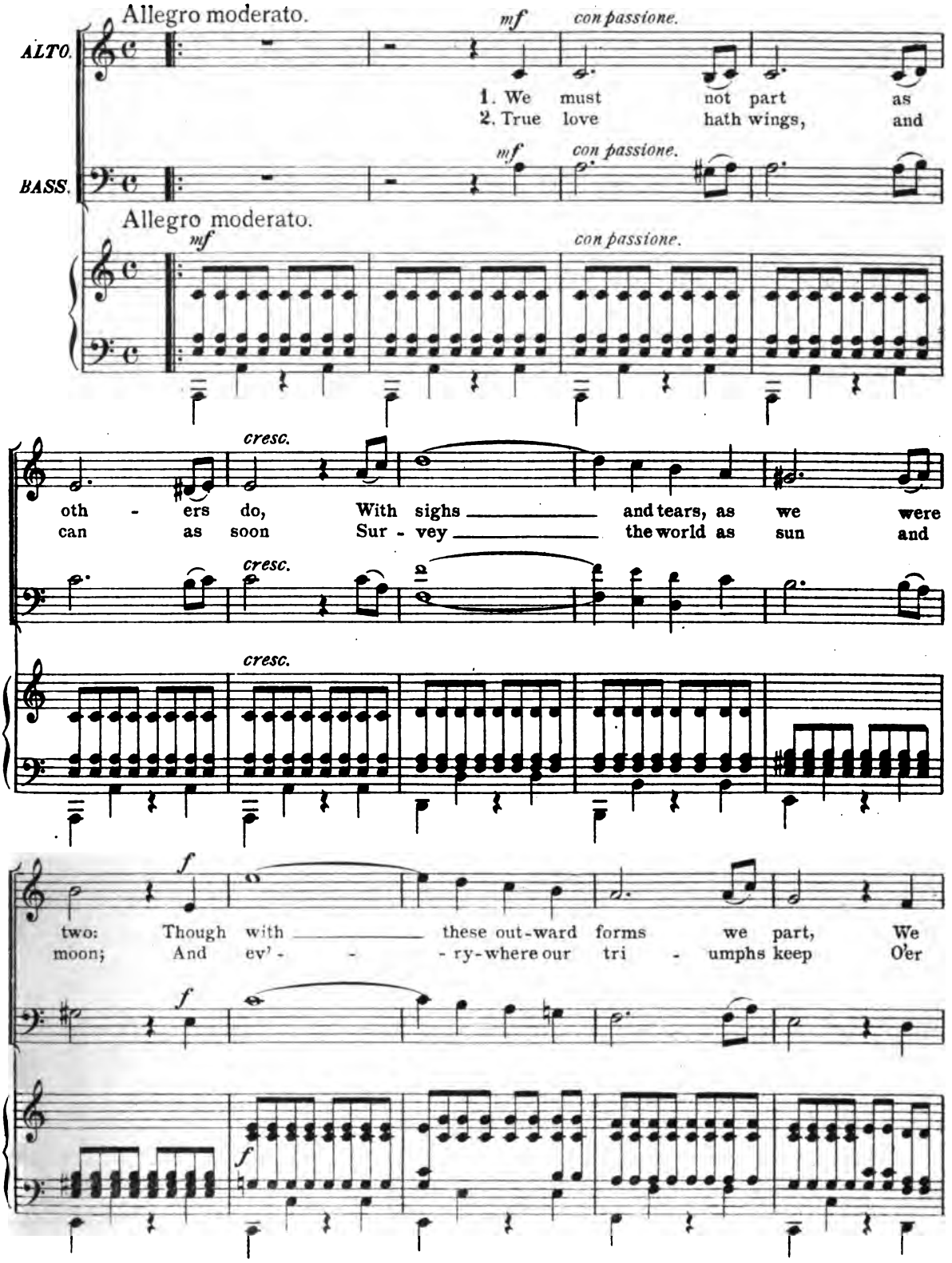
Queen. But fool as then I was, I thought she lov'd me
far; The tears stood in her eyes, Like to the morn - ing
show; The world went round a - bout, No cares we ev - er

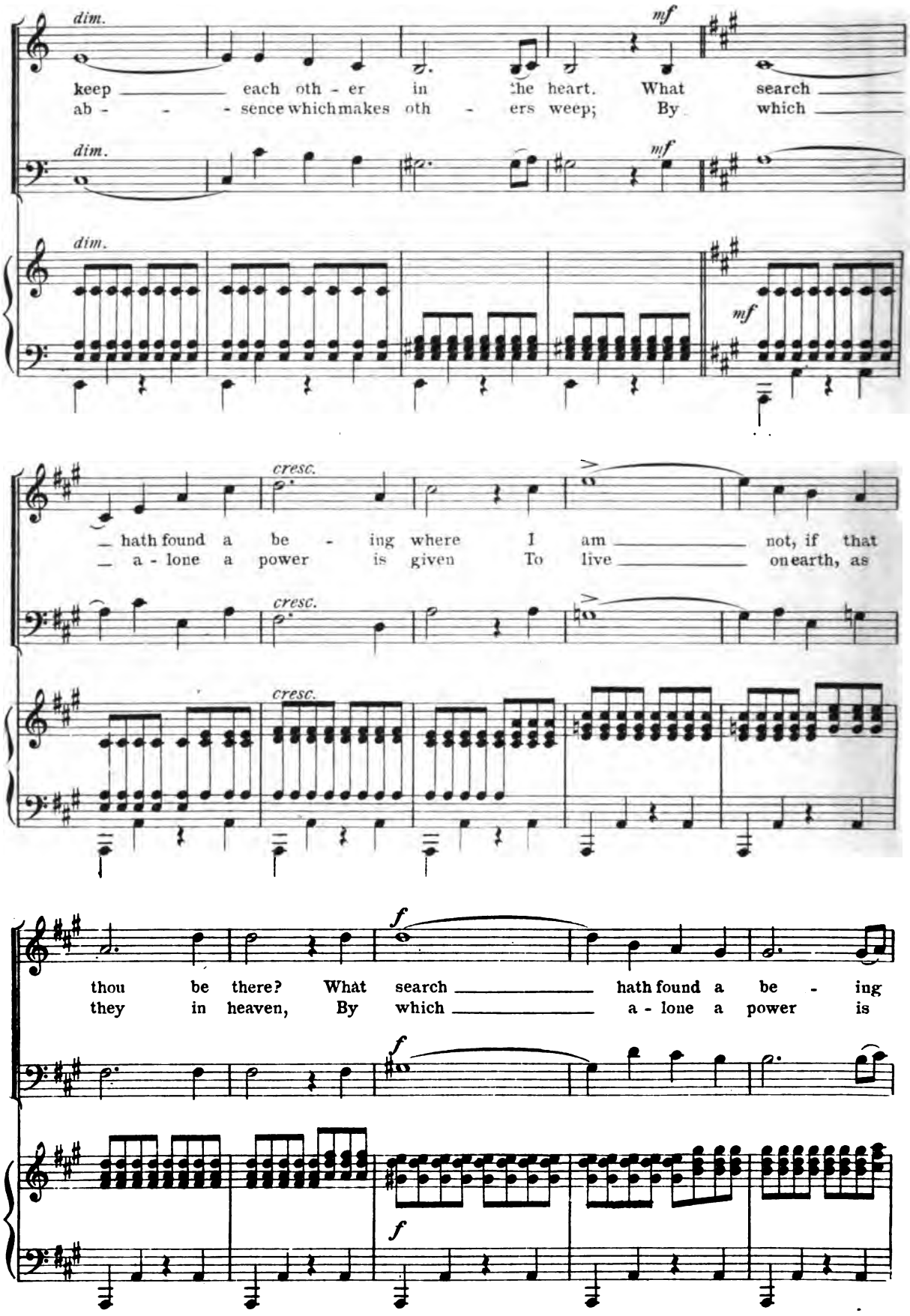
too; But now, a - las! she's left me, Fa - le - ro, le - ro,
dew; But now, a - las! she's left me, Fa - le - ro, le - ro,
knew; But now, a - las! she's left me, Fa - le - ro, le - ro,

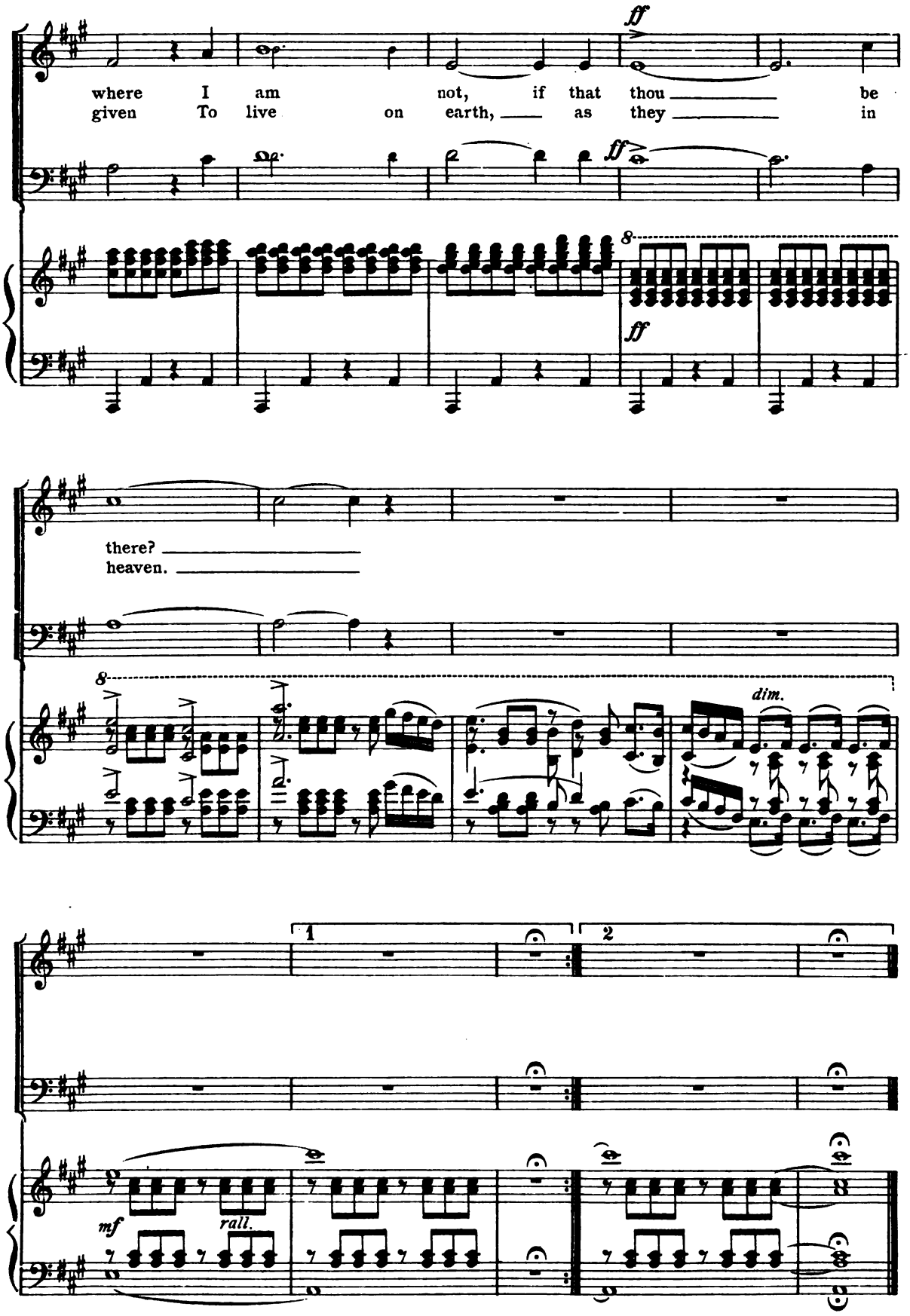
loo.
loo.
loo.

No 13. We must not part as others do.

DUET.

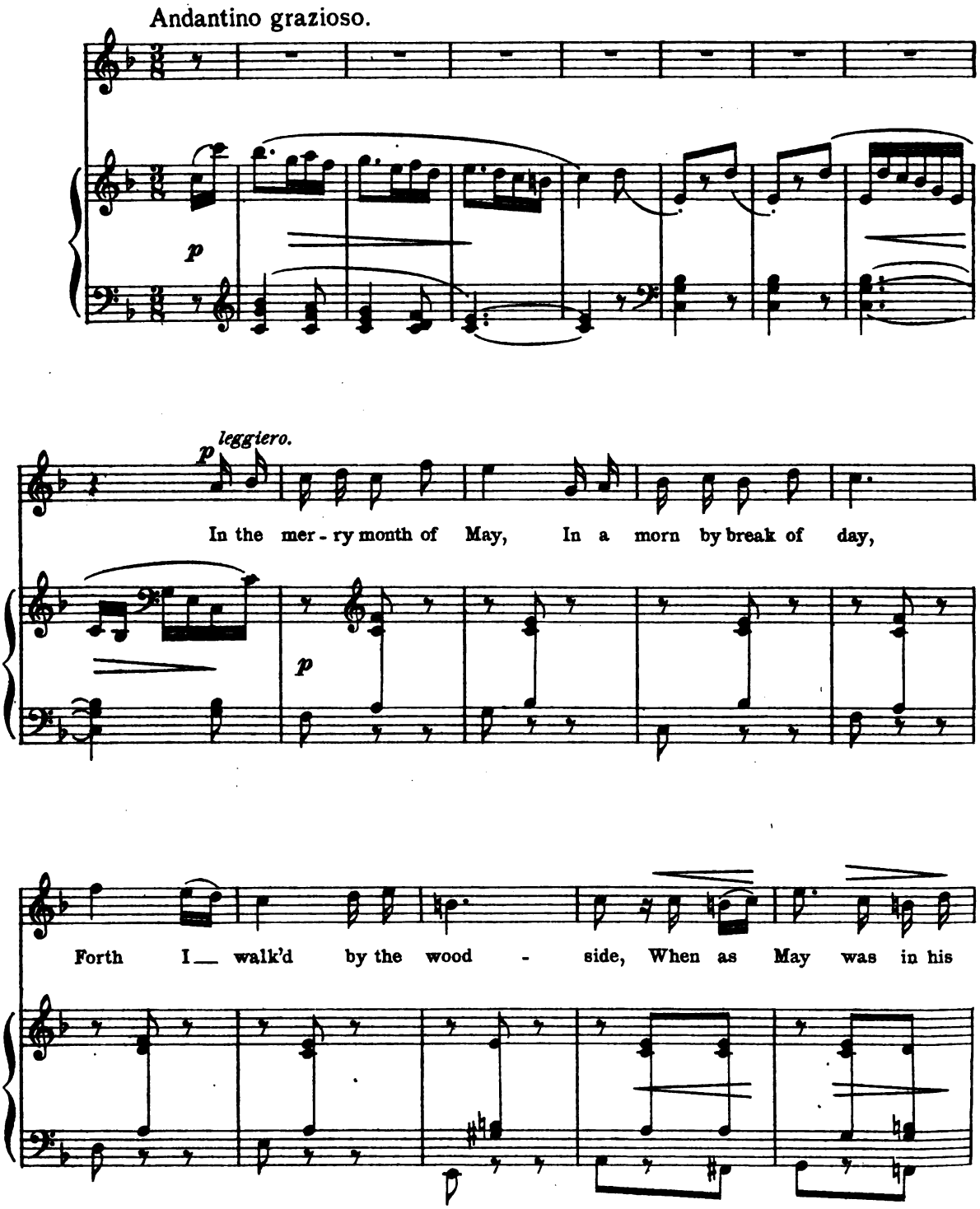



dim.
mf
keep each oth - er in the heart. What search
ab - - - sence which makes oth - ers weep; By which
dim.
mf
dim.
mf
cresc.
hath found a be - ing where I am not, if that
a - lone a power is given To live on earth, as
cresc.
cresc.
f
thou be there? What search hath found a be - ing
they in heaven, By which a - lone a power is
f
f


ff
where I am not, if that thou be
given To live on earth, as they in
ff
ff
there?
heaven.
dim.
1
2
mf
rall.

No. 14. In the merry month of May.

SOPRANO.



p Meno mosso.

pride, When as May was in his pride: There I spi - ed all a-lone,

p

rall. Tempo I. *p*

Phyl - li - da and Co - ry-don. Much a - do there was, God wot!

rall. *p*

p *p*

He would love and she would not. She said

pp *p* *pp* *p*

rit.

nev - er man was true; He said, none was false to

rit.

a tempo.

you. He said, he had loved her long; She said,

a tempo.

delicato.

Love should have— no wrong.—

Poco meno mosso.

p

Co - ry - don— would kiss her then; She said, maids must

p

kiss no men, Till they did— for good and all;—

pp

Till they did for good and all; Then she made the

pp

shep - herd call All the heav'ns to wit - ness truth

Nev - er loved a tru - er youth, Nev - er loved a

Tempo I.

p

tru - er youth. Thus with ma-ny a pret - ty oath, Yea and

p

nay, and faith and troth, Such as sil - ly shep - herds

use When they will not Love a - buse, When they will not Love a - buse,

p Meno mosso.

Love which had been long de - lud - ed,

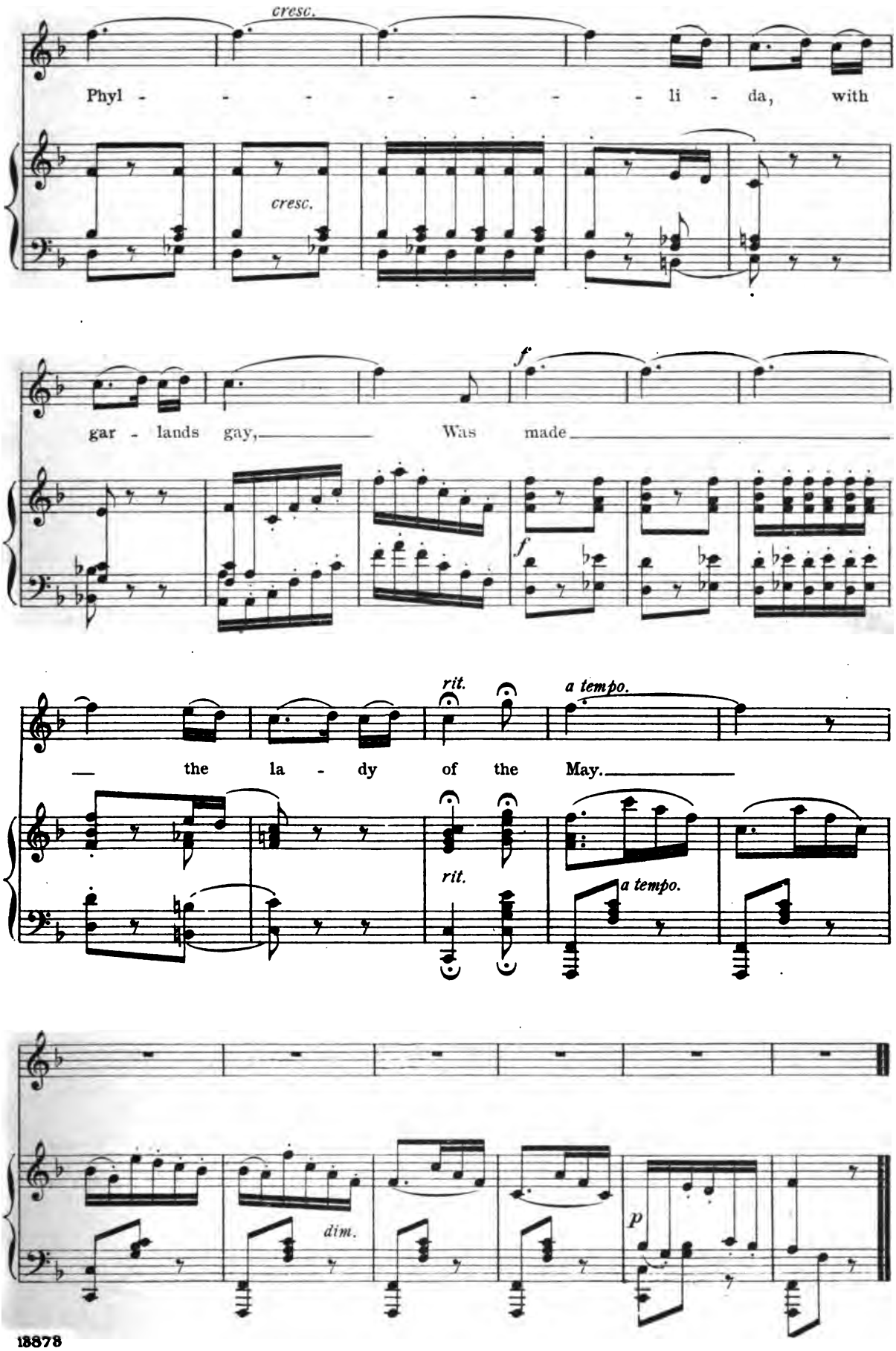
p

Tempo I.

p

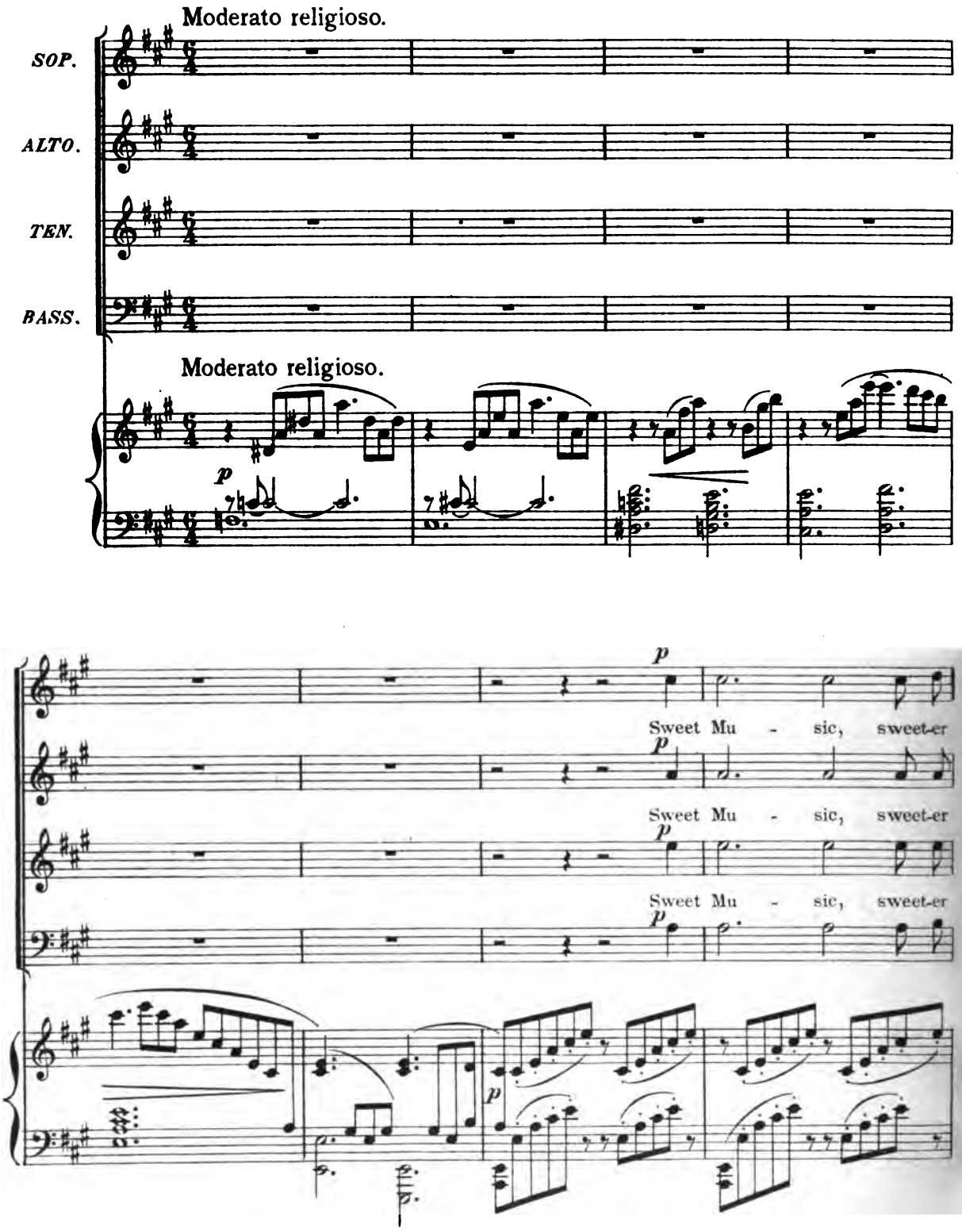
Was with kiss - es sweet con - clud - ed, Was with kiss - es sweet con - clud - ed; And

p


cresc.
Phyl - - - - - - - - li - da, with
cresc.
gar - lands gay, Was made
f
f
rit.
a tempo.
the la - dy of the May.
rit.
a tempo.
dim.
p

No 15. Sweet Music.

QUARTET OR CHORUS.



far Than a - ny song is sweet; Sweet Mu - sic, heav'n-ly

far Than a - ny song is sweet; Sweet Mu - sic, heav'n-ly

far Than a - ny song is sweet; Sweet Mu - sic, heav'n-ly

rare, Mine ears, (O peers!) doth greet. You gen - tle flocks, whose

rare, Mine ears, (O peers!) doth greet. You gen - tle flocks, whose

rare, Mine ears, (O peers!) doth greet. You gen - tle flocks, whose

flee - ces, pearl'd with dew, Re - sem - ble heav'n, whom gold - en drops make bright,

flee - ces, pearl'd with dew, Re - sem - ble heav'n, whom gold - en drops make bright,

flee - ces, pearl'd with dew, Re - sem - ble heav'n, whom gold - en drops make bright,

pp

Lis - - - ten! Lis - - - ten!

pp

Lis - - - ten! Lis - - - ten!

pp

Lis - - - ten! Lis - - - ten!

pp

pp

poco cresc.

p

Lis - ten, O

p

Lis - ten, O

p

Lis - ten, O

p

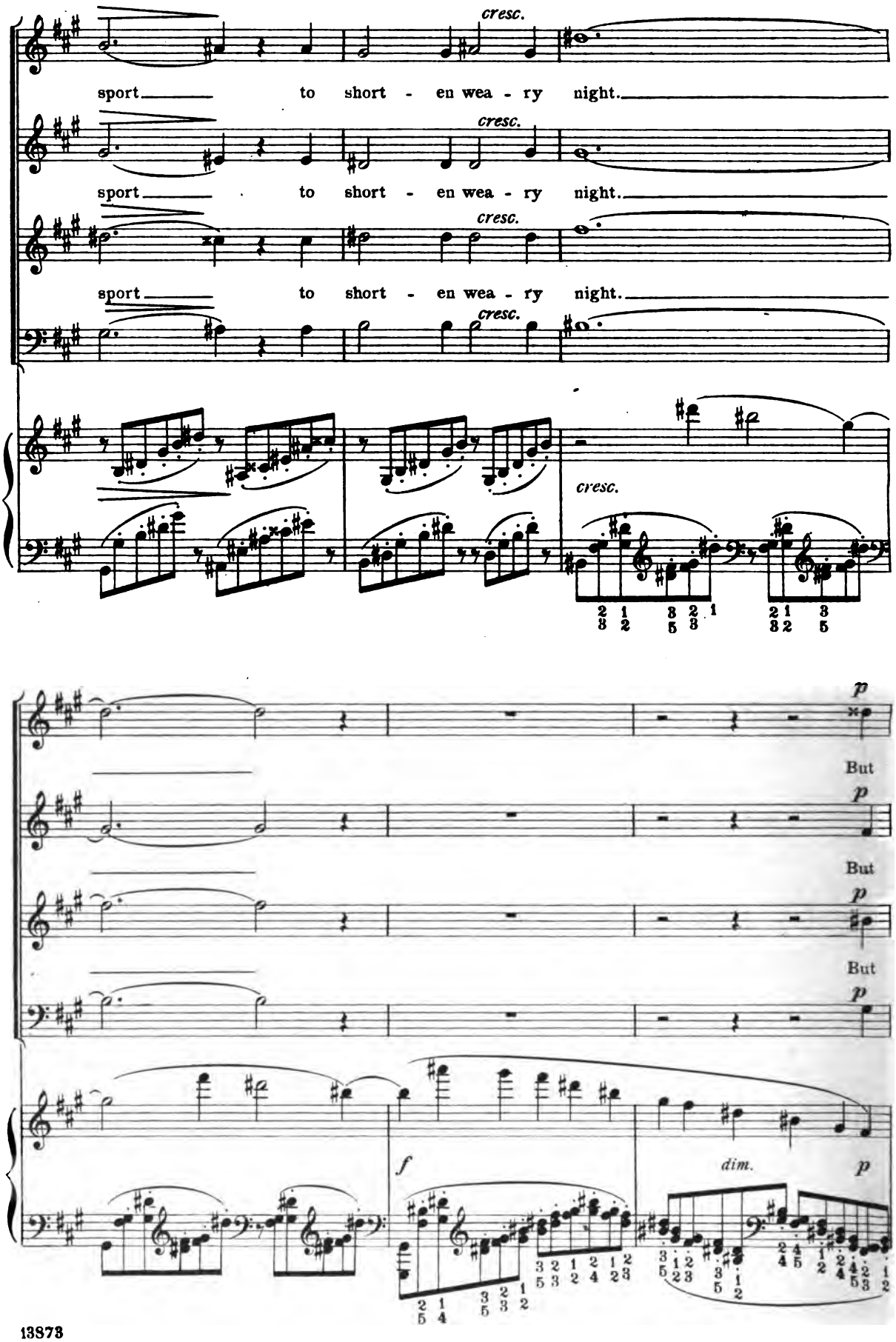
dim.

p

lis - ten! now, O not to you Our pipes make

lis - ten! now, O not to you Our pipes make

lis - ten! now, O not to you Our pipes make


cresc.
sport to short - en wea - ry night.
cresc.
sport to short - en wea - ry night.
cresc.
sport to short - en wea - ry night.
cresc.
cresc.
p
But
p
But
p
But
p
f
dim.
p

voi - ces most di - vine, Make bliss - - - ful

voi - ces most di - vine, Make bliss - - - ful

voi - ces most di - vine, Make bliss - - - ful

p

har - mo - ny; Voi - - ces that seem to shine,

p

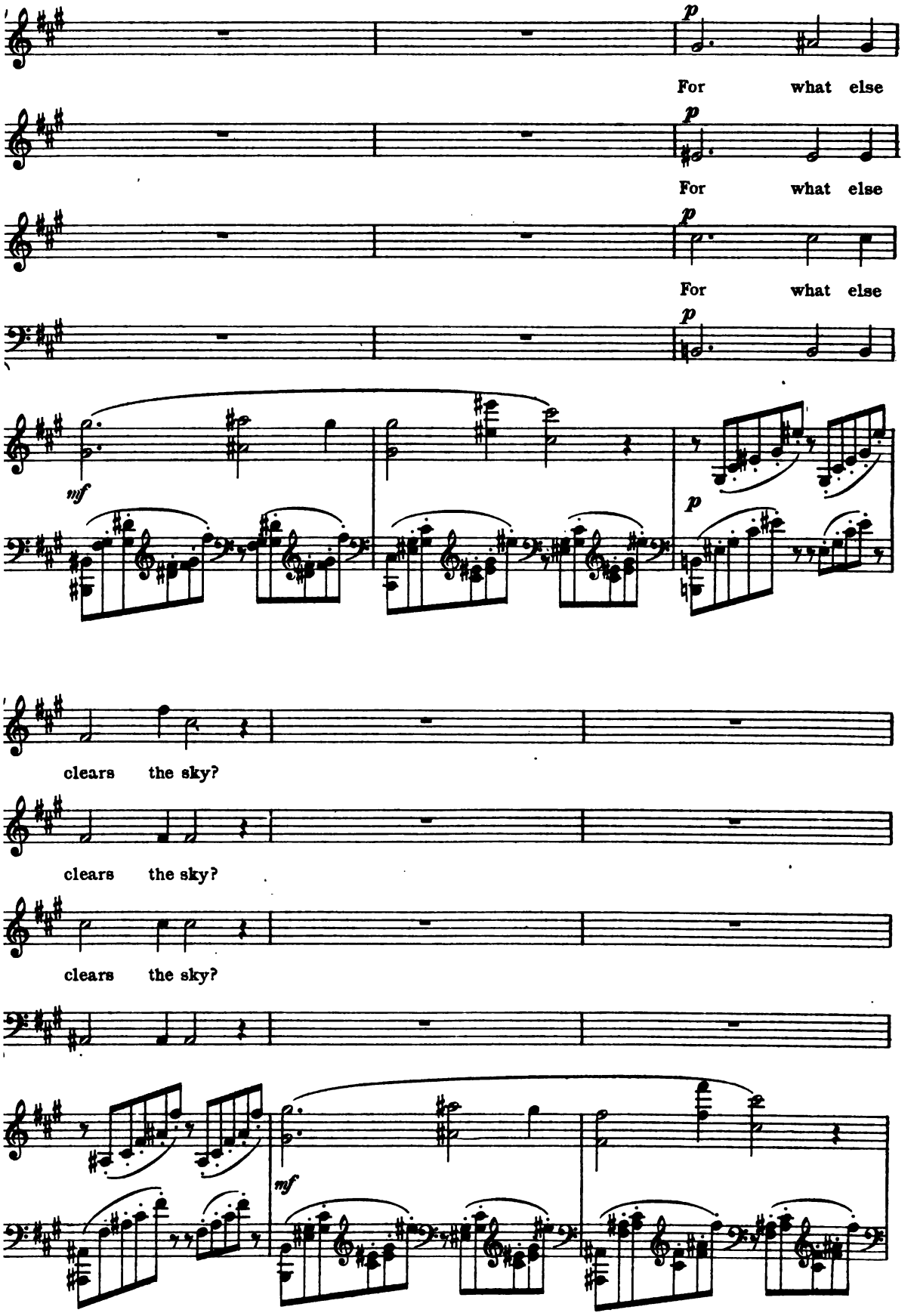
har - mo - ny; Voi - - ces that seem to shine,

p

har - mo - ny; Voi - - ces that seem to shine,

p

p


p
For what else
p
For what else
p
For what else
p
mf
p
clears the sky?
clears the sky?
clears the sky?
mf

p *cresc. e poco a poco più animato.*

Tunes can we hear, but not the

p *cresc. e poco a poco più animato.*

Tunes can we hear, but not the

p *cresc. e poco a poco più animato.*

Tunes can we hear, but not the

p *cresc. e poco a poco più animato.*

p *cresc. e poco a poco più animato.*

f

sing - ers see; The tunes di -

f

sing - ers see; The tunes di -

f

sing - ers see; The tunes di -

f

f

ff *allargando.*

vine, and so,

ff *allargando.*

vine, and so,

ff *allargando.*

vine, and so,

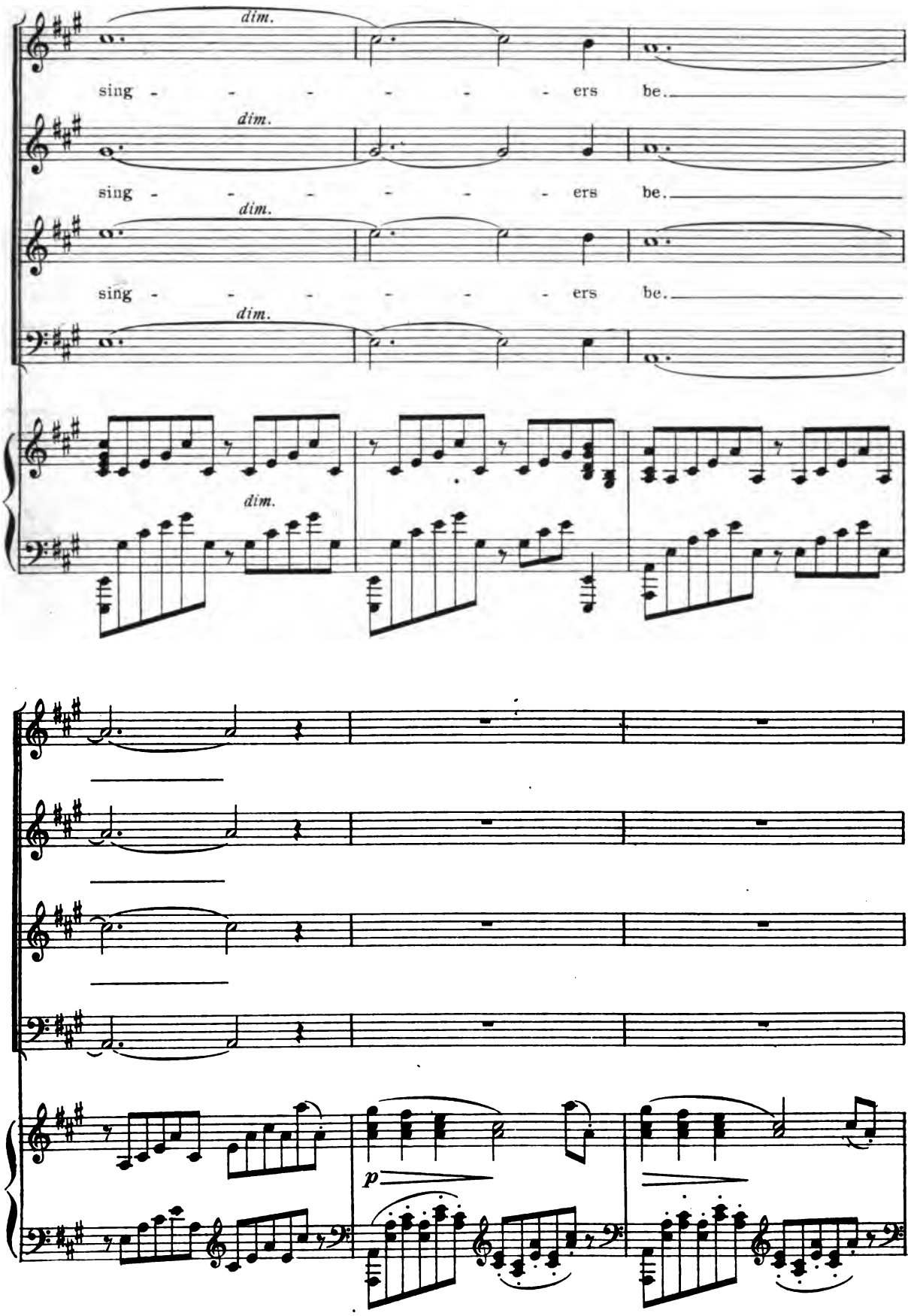
ff *allargando.*

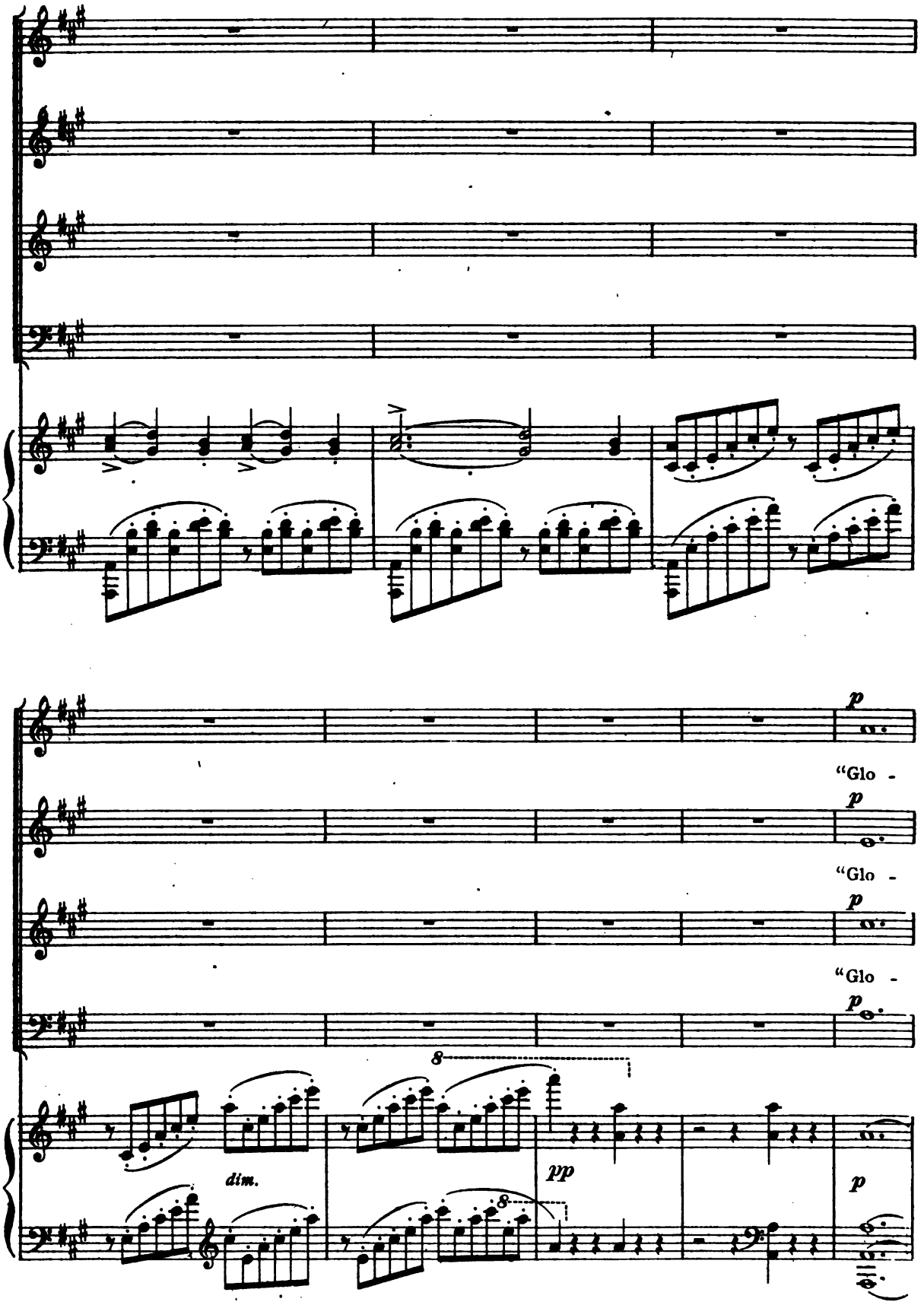
ff e marc. allargando.

and so the

and so the

and so the


dim.
sing - - - - - - ers be.
dim.
sing - - - - - - ers be.
dim.
sing - - - - - - ers be.
dim.
dim.
p


p
"Glo -
p
"Glo -
p
"Glo -
p
8
dim.
pp
8
p

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ry to glo-ry's King!

ry to glo-ry's King!

ry to glo-ry's King!

mf *dim.*

And peace all men a-

And peace all men a-

And peace all men a-

mf *p*

pp *mf* *p*

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mong!"

mong!"

mong!"

perdendosi.

pp

ppp

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